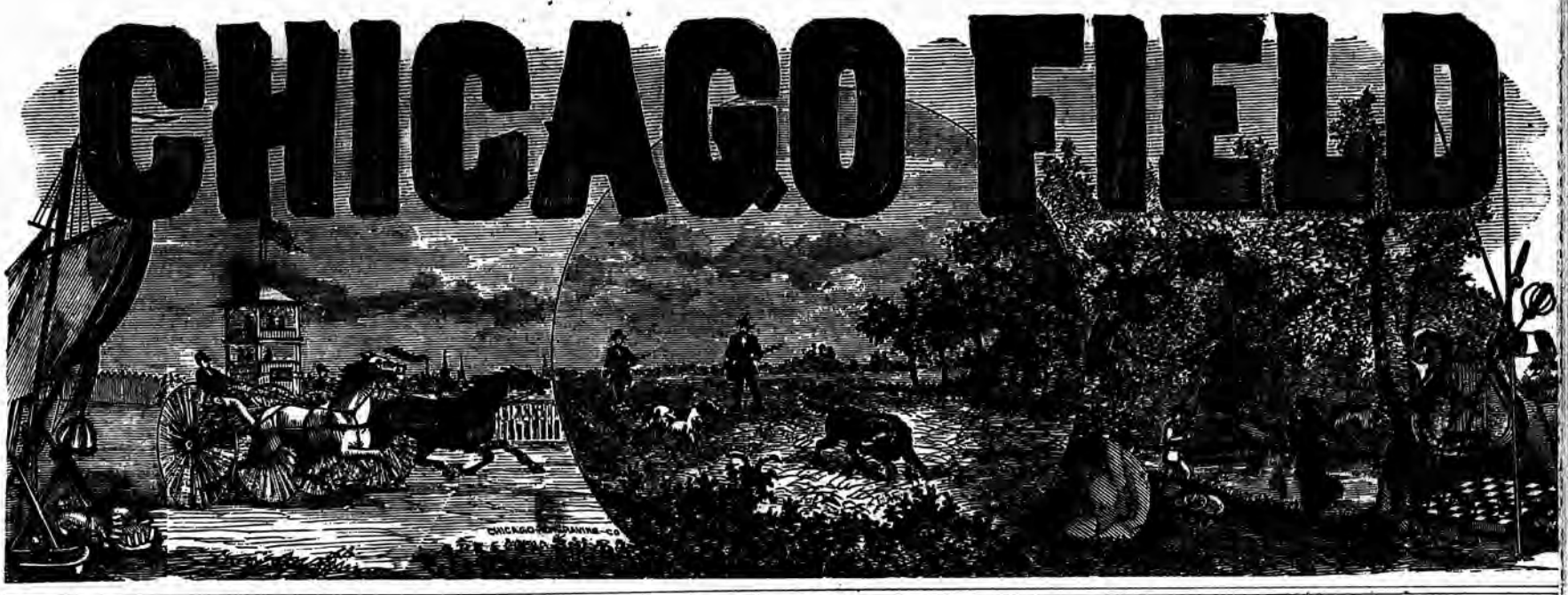


Vol. VIII.--No. 25. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878. $4.00 Per Yea

Camp Hunt in Texas.

BY LAZY ALIC.

As "Kit Killbird," of Tunica, La., has called on me for a slice of my—cheek—I am ready to rise and explain.

I have owned and worked some good native setters in my day and time and know a stunner when I see him go, but I have to plead my entire ignorance of blue blood dogs and spike collars. I have never yet seen one of either, but it is one of the darling objects of my life to some day own a blue blood, and if my worn out, dilapidated morocco wallet should ever become sufficiently plethoric I intend to invest a few of Uncle Sams's tattered eel skins in a genuine blue blood puppy.

Now, "Kit," I do most seriously object to being strapped on the back of a wild mustang and led captive by a Mexican greaser. But when it comes to the ladies, God bless them, I love them wherever I meet them, as all true sportsmen should. I believe from the bottom of my heart that it would be the happiest day of my life to be captured by some beautiful, dark haired, dark eyed, Comanche Minnehaha, of sweet sixteen summers, the acknowledged queen of the prairies, whose heart is like the fawn and as pure as the snow, who would teach me to love her beneath the willow shade, to guide her light bark canoe across the smooth waters of the silver lake, and to whisper in her ear tender words of love, beneath the pale beams of the Indian Summer moon, to bask in smiles from voluptuous lips, and loving glances from her dark lustrous eyes, and to know that her thoughts were as pure as the lilies that grow on the broad bosom of the smooth waters, and then to meet her at our trysting place, beneath the dark shades of the blooming magnolia grove, where hand in hand we would wander through the flowery vales, and along the banks of the sylvan streams, where all alone, all unseen, and all unheard except by nature and nature's God, our whispered words would be of love and delight.

But "Kit," you ought not to touch me on my tender points; I know my failings, you don't; but whenever you say ladies or setter dogs, I fly off at a tangent and you have got me where Yancy had the hen.

But come now, we have had enough of this playing around the circle, we will now waltz up to the center. Now look out and stand from under, for here goes in my rattling way, with a very few embellishments, for my last annual camp hunt.

On the 11th day of November last I left home on a camp hunt to the upper Red River and Wichita county to be gone thirty or forty days. My company consisted of three good hunters besides myself, a camp keeper, and a freedman to take charge of the cooking department, three two-horse wagons with good teams. In the wagons were commissary stores sufficient for the trip, with tents, guns, ammunition and all other requisites; with good teams and two men to the wagon, we had no trouble in making from twenty-five to thirty miles a day.

Each hunter carried two guns, rifle and shot gun; the rifles were Sharp's and Winchesters; the shot guns, two muzzle and two heavy breech-loaders, for large game, such as buffalo and bear, I consider Sharp's 50-100 the best gun, for smaller game; such as deer, antelope, and turkeys; I give the preference to the Winchester 44-100, as I think they shoot somewhat more accurate, though not with the penetration of the Sharp's gun. A Winchester thirty-four inch Octagon barrel, with the latest improvements and properly sighted for the prairies, I consider a killing gun. At 125 miles from home we passed the last settlements of the white man to the northwest; continuing our course across the prairies and small streams, we struck the Wichita near the old buffalo crossing. As we had not gone out for buffalo, but were after deer, antelope, bear and turkeys, with such small game as we could pick up by the wayside, we concluded to make our camp. Two of us had hunted over the same country one year ago, and knew the good places for game and camping grounds, which gave us a great advantage over other hunting parties that had never visited that region before.

We were in camp and hunted fifteen days, during which time we took 126 venison hams and sirloin saddles, with a good number of antelope, a Mexican lion or cougar, and many turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens, of which we kept no count. The deer were unusually fat, there being a good red haw mast on the creeks; the turkeys, as a general thing, were poor; the light moon in November is running time for deer in Texas, therefore the old bucks were out in force, for of the number killed twenty were old bucks; the hams and saddles were all saved and salted in a box for three or four days and then hung on a scaffold with smoke under them to cure them preparatory to starting for home. Of the forequarters we used what we wanted for camp meat, fed our five dogs what they could eat, and then gave away two fair wagon loads of them to some hunters from our section of country who were new hands at the business and did not know how to capture game as we did.

We were within two days travel of the buffalo, but did not want any. Buffalo hunting is tame when compared with antelope hunting. There is more honor and glory in getting one antelope from the herd on the high prairies than killing a dozen old buffalo bulls from behind a musquit bush.

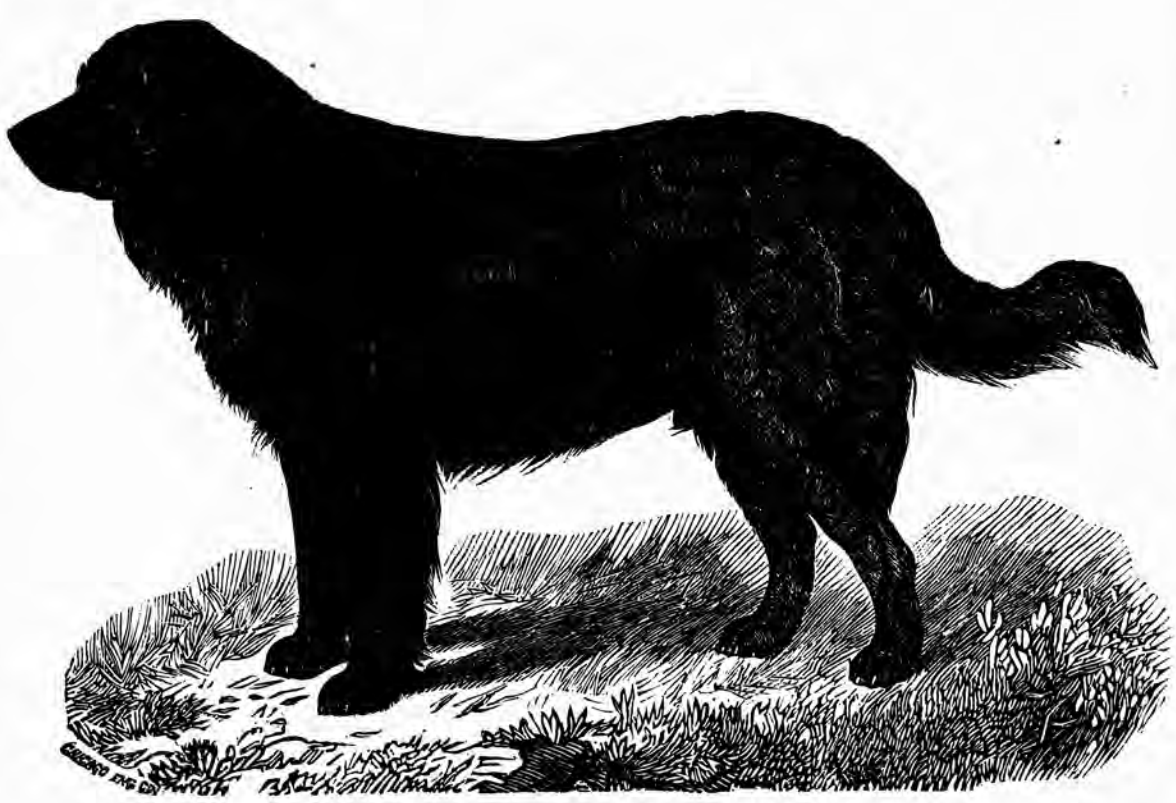
I do wish that "Bengalee," the peacock killer, could have been with me on this trip, as he has shot in the jungle of India. As the boys say, I think he would be some pumpkins in a bear fight. I could have given him all the shooting he would have wanted at sure enough old turkey gobblers weighing from eighteen to twenty-five pounds each, with beards from eight to twelve inches in length.

I am certainly one of your most unfortunate correspondents, for I never can tell anything in a few words as most of them can.

What I started in to tell you about was the capture of that cougar or Mexican lion. If I am as long in telling it as getting to it (and I fear I shall be longer), God save your readers. The cougar is a very solitary animal in its habits, not more than two, male and female, occupying a large extent of country at the same time. This is the third one that I have seen in all my rambles, and the first one that I have ever assisted in capturing. I have killed many panthers, but have never captured any animal until this one, such as I am going to try and tell you about.

Many years ago I saw two over towards the Rio Grande country, but did not succeed in getttng a shot at them; at nig I heard them squalling, and when I heard this one knew what was at once.

It is nearly the same animal as discribed in Natural Histo as the puma or South American lion. Walker in his unabridg dictionary gives us the cougar, puma and panther as belongi to the same family, but with different characteristics; the panti is striped with spots on the sides and flanks, whilst the cougar a solid dark gray all over. The weight of the panther is fr seventy-five to one hundred pounds, whilst that of the cougar nearly four times as great; the male cougar has a short ma somewhat resembling that of the African lion. Its strength said to be wonderful. I will give you two or three instances, can only vouch for the first one. A few evenings before capt ing the one about which I am writing, one of our party in retu ing to camp from the evening hunt, shot at a large six po buck at long range with a shot gun; he was satisfied from actions of the deer that he had wounded it; he saw it go off lie down in the grass in a prairie flat some half mile off. came to camp, told us of it, and said that as he started for morning hunt the next day would go by and see what had beco of him.



MR. MAPPLEBECK'S NEWFOUNDLAND DOG LEO.—(SEE PAGE 397.)

He was astonished reaching the place to the grass mashed do the ground cut up by hoofs of the deer, scratches on the groun though made by s large animal; they fought over a place twe or thirty feet square, the ground and grass covered with blood. A looking around more c fully he saw where body of the deer had t dragged off through grass. He followed trail and at the distanc some two hundred y found his buck covere with a half wagon load grass weeds and trash pulled him out, skin him, and brought w was left of his skin camp; on examination found that he had only the buck with one b shot, breaking his left leg just above the hoof also ascertained that animal had sunk his t through the throat of deer, cutting it comple clasped him with his claws on the shoulders back, and cut out his trials by strokes with hind feet. As soon heard what had happe I was satisfied it w cougar, and on exan tion found the track soft piece of ground by; on examining the I found it to be five in in width. The co never [illegible] his when he [illegible] it, but it off, then eats wha wants and covers up the remainder for future use.

An old prairie scout told me in passing through the same tion of country in which this one was captured, during on the very dry times, before the late unpleasantness, that he been without water for himself and horse for two days; he s a small stream, and on following down the bed of the stream for some distance, at last came to a small pool of m water, which he found covered with deer hair, the bed and t of the creek cut up by hoofs and blood scattered all aro after quenching his own thirst and giving his horse wh wanted, he discovered that a deer had been taken up the bank almost twenty feet in height and very steep. Curiosit him to make further examination. On reaching the top o bank he took the trail made by dragging the deer, and at tw three hundred yards over in the head of a hollow found a buck with his entrials cut out; he said he was just in the a getting down from his horse to examine the deer more cl when he heard one of the most unearthly screams that greeted his ears; on looking up he discovered not more twenty-five or thirty paces from him a monster cougar lo him square in the face; his rifle was laying before him o saddle, but he says he never thought of shooting; it was on work of a second to turn his horse's head the other way, to

m the spur and get away from the place at a rattling pace; he ys he has never seen a cougar since, as he did not turn around see that one after he turned the horse's head in the opposite rection.

I have been told by ranchers that they kill steers and cows at weigh five and six hundred pounds, drag them off, eat what ey want and cover up the remainder.

It seems that like their cousin, the puma of South America, ey have an occasional hankering after horse flesh. I have also en told by the Mexican ranchers of the lower Rio Grande, ıere the chapparal attains its greatest height and where cour rs are more plentiful than anywhere else, and where they ain their greatest size, that they have known a Mexican cow y to ride a pony through the day herding cattle, hobble him t, and the next morning to find him killed and partly devoured cougars during the night.

I know that to many of your readers these things will sound ry unreasonable, but whilst I cannot vouch for their correctss, I should not be astonished to ascertain some day that there s much truth in the statements.

It was on the evening of the 2d day of December, 1877, that r hunters had returned from the evening tramp. Supper was nounced, all hands had seated themselves around the mess ıle and were going for what was in sight as only hunters can, en I heard just such a scream as I had never heard but once ore. As soon as I heard it I knew what it was. Said I, boys ıre is your Mexican lion; in the twinkling of an eye all hands re up from the table, the roasted venison ribs, the fried ante-e steak, the fried turkey breast, the broiled ducks, the strong fee were all forgotten, all was anxiety, all were on the *qui vive* the next scream, it sounded like the screams of a woman in at distress, though much louder; the screams continued from e to time, from which we judged the distance from camp from alf to three-quarters of a mile.

Ve soon ascertained that he was coming directly up the little ek on which we were camped, and if something was not done would soon be in our camp. I verily believe if the hunters dogs had not gone out and met him he would have walked ıt into our camp among the men, dogs, horses and wagons.

t was decided that my three companions (who were younger ı than myself) with the assistance of five large and severe s, that we had with us, and who had seen service before, ıld make the fight.

: was now dark, the night was cloudy, and it was drizzling slowly; the boys fully realized the fact that the task before n was a hard one, and that if they won the fight they would n luck; had it been daylight they would have had no fears, the undertaking was attended with many personal dangers, t was quite dark and no stars to guide them.

, was agreed that I should remain in camp, keep the direction hich they went, so that I could come to their assistance if should want me, which we thought more than probable. y had only a short time for preparation, as each time he ılled told us he was coming closer and closer. One party ied a Winchester rifle, the other two took shot guns charged six shooter balls that we had cast ourselves and that we v were of full weight and more to be relied on than buck .

musing incidents will occur even in emergencies. Just about ıime the boys were going to start out to meet the cougar, I ed around to see where Monk our freedman was; I saw him ıg up in one of the wagons on the spring seat; said I, Monk, : in the devil are you doing up in that wagon. Well, he said, or, I think that thing will be in camp in a few minutes and I ght I would be up in the wagon when he comes in so as to fair rake at him with this shot gun; said he, I know old er you think I am scared, but if that thing comes into this I will help you to give him a warm reception. Said I, all Monk, stand to your colors, for the man that won't fight for wn dunghill, when invaded, is no man at all.

this time the cougar was within about one hundred and fifty ; he was bound to have known we were there, for we had a log fire burning and were on lower ground than he was and ain view. Our party being fully equipped, took the five to heel and went out to meet him; when within forty or fifty of him he brought a loud squall, as much as to say, come am ready for you. At this time they let the dogs loose, the and dogs making a break for him at the same time; the reached him first and covered him; before the men could ıere he had cleaned the dogs out; they met four of the dogs ıg back, the other dog, Greeley, a favorite belonging to one e boys, was fast and yelling as though every yell would be ıst. They encouraged the dogs and made another rush to ıd rescue Greeley; they thought at the time and still think d Greeley in his mouth and was walking off with him. e they could overtake him Greeley got loose; they met him ıg back, he was scratched and bitten severely, but Greeley dog that would fight to the death. They followed on, enging the dogs, and soon overtook him again; the longer the fought the closer they stuck to him. As soon as they up with him they bounced him again, but before the boys get up the dogs were whipped again. It was so dark that ould see neither cougar or dogs, but their opinion was that the dogs came up with him he would face around, whip and then walk off at his leisure. When the dogs would ke him and whilst he was whipping them he would snarl ıar at a tremendous rate. This walking off, stopping and ing the dogs was repeated eight or ten times during the every time getting further off from the camp. The result the stoppages was the same with the exception of the fourth ı, when the dogs seemed to be baying as though he was in

the boys thought was their chance. If he was in a tree ey could get close enough to get a glimpse of the bulk of his hey might get some six-shooter balls into him which would ıe dogs when he come to the ground. The dogs had now eir Irish up and were sticking to him like grim death; they t close enough as they thought to get a glimpse of his anging on the side of the tree eight or ten feet from the ı, but before they could be certain and get in position to ıe jumped from the tree down among the dogs, picked up them in his mouth and walked off with him. The dog ɔt loose or he let him loose and the chase went on as

n they had gotten a mile or more from camp and had ight or ten stops the dogs seemed to be baying as they en he was on the side of the tree the first time. Now was den opportunity, if he should be in a tree again. It was ident he never could be captured without the aid of the or all the dogs you could get around him would amount ing. The hunters approached the place, and sure enough e was, hanging on to the side of a large tree ten or twelve ɔve the ground like a cat.

ree stood in the bend of a small creek, the ground was with tall briars and rotten vines for the distance of forty feet around the tree.

creek had been recently overflown, and grass, leaves and ere lodged in the vines, making quite an inaccessible t it; as soon as the hunters were in position they made ready to all fire at once. When the word was given the four shot gun barrels and Winchester were pulled down.

I had been in camp the whole time, and as I had agreed to stay there unless summoned to their assistance, must do so. I had distinctly heard the whole fight; I could distinguish every stop that had been made; I could hear the shouts of the hunters encouraging the dogs; heard the dogs baying, as also their cries of pain. After the firing there was long and loud prolonged shouting to encourage the dogs. It was heartrending to hear their cries of pain, as from time to time they would rush in and grapple with the enemy. I was satisfied they had not succeeded in killing, but had only wounded him. It had been an hour or more from the time the fight commenced until the shooting. They had now been fighting half an hour since the shooting.

I had stood it about as long as I could; I knew the dogs were being killed, and I was getting very uneasy for the safety of the hunters; I now heard the signal agreed on, blown on one of the hunter's horns for me to come to their help. Snatching up my Winchester and tightening my belt that held my six-shooter and knife, and seeing that they were in good position, with a lamp for hunting deer in my hand, I made for them as fast as I could run.

By the baying and cries of the dogs and the shouts of the boys, I had no trouble in going directly to them. By the time I had gotten within three or four hundred yards of the place, I could hear the snarls and roaring of the lion. I soon reached the place and found as I had expected, that the shots had only wounded him, how bad, we did not know. That he had leaped from the tree after the shooting, had stationed himself in the briars and vines, and all their efforts to dislodge him had failed. They had built three or four fires around him, but the briars were so dense and thickety they could not see him, though not more than thirty or forty feet from him. They had made several attempts to get to him with lighted torches, but the stick torches would go out when most needed.

No sane man who valued his life in the least would be imprudent enough to make the attempt without a good and prominent light. To go into that cougar, situated as they were, would have been certain death to some of them.

On my arrival a hasty consultation was held; it was evident if we captured him something must be done, and done quickly. The dogs could not be expected, wounded as they were, to hold out much longer; if they quit fighting him he would come out and walk off. The fight had now been going on for two hours or more.

It was decided to go in to where he was and kill him. The lamp was lighted and placed on the head of one of our party, who, Winchester in hand, went in advance; closely following behind him was another one of the party with a heavy belt knife in his right hand a six-shooter in his left. The hindmost man would reach forward of the foremost one and cut the briars and vines from before him so as to allow them both to move forward slowly. It was the business of the front man to keep his light in good position and to be ready to fire as soon as he should see his game. The progress was very slow, as they must have been twenty minutes in going fifteen or twenty feet. Great caution was necessary, for if they made a failure there was no chance of escape. The vines they had passed in going in could not be repassed sufficiently quick to save them if the cougar should make a spring at them; should he spring at them their only chance would be to fight him a hand-to-hand fight with their knives.

When they had approached within ten or twelve feet, all at once by shifting his position, his head was brought in full view. There he was, his head as big as a peck measure, his large eyes flashing fire, looking the foremost man square in the face, himself the very picture of defiance. For fear he should spring and catch one or both of them, no time was to be lost. It was but the work of an instant for the hunter to throw the Winchester to his shoulder, take unerring aim, and touch the hair spring trigger.

All was confusion when the gun fired. The hunter could not tell what he had done; at the report of the gun the dogs covered the cougar, and they were a rolling, fighting, bleeding mass at his feet. They stood in their tracks, six shooter in hand, ready to fire if occasion required. Gradually the dogs loosened their hold on him, and there lay the monster dead at their feet.

He was dragged from the thicket and examined; we now found that he had been badly wounded by the first shots. The Winchester ball had broken his left hind leg below the knee joint, and four or five six-shooter balls had entered his left hip and side; wounded as he was, the dogs could do nothing with him. The ball that had done the final work had caught him just under the right eye, passing through his head, down through his neck and out through the left shoulder.

I skinned him, stuffed the skin with prairie grass, and brought it home with me, and now have it on the counter in my drug store on exhibition. It has been examined by hundreds and hundreds of person, who all unite in saying that it is the most formidable looking animal they have ever known killed in this part of the state.

His weight, as near as we could estimate it without scales, was from 250 to 275 pounds. He stood in height, as near as I could ascertain by measurement, two feet six or eight inches, his length by measurement from the end of his nose to the tip of tail eight feet two inches. The skin since it has become dry now measures seven feet six inches, having lost eight inches in drying. The claws on his fore feet are an inch and a half in length, and the four incisor teeth the same. The measurement across one of his fore paws a fraction over five inches, his forearm larger than that of the stoutest man.

Now that the fight was over we looked around to see the damage. The hunters we knew were all right, but how about the dogs. We succeeded in getting four out of the brush. Kaizer was bit through the top of the shoulders and had a dozen or more cuts on different parts of his body, from one to four inches in length. Taylor was bit through the loins and through one of his hams, besides many other cuts and scratches. Drummer was in much the same fix as Kaizer and Taylor. Greeley was worse off than any of the three first, as he had been more roughly handled in the commencement of the fight. But Cooley, poor Cooley, my favorite dog, Where was he? I had heard him baying after I got there, and knew he must be close by. On examination we found him in the vines near where the cougar had fallen; he was unable to stand on his feet or even to rise. We carried him out to the edge of the prairie as carefully as we could. The cougar must have got Cooley's head in his mouth; his head was literally cut and mashed up and both eyes cut out by the animal's fangs; his right shoulder was almost torn from his body; the blade bone was torn loose from the ribs; his bowels were dragging on the ground all covered with blood, grass, leaves and dirt. The bowels had protruded through a long wound in the abdomen; on his body were many smaller wounds. As soon as I looked at him I knew he had got his furlough. Cooley had entered into my service when a small puppy; he had joined for during the war if not sooner discharged, and right well he had kept his promise. But it was plain he had fought his last fight; he had made his last brave stand between his master and danger. I sent to camp, got a blanket, made a litter and carried him in. I washed the blood from his face, head and sightless eyes, took a surgeon's needle and stitched up the wounded shoulder, washed the blood and foreign matter from the bowels, replaced them and stitched up the wound.

But his time had come, the grim monster had called for him and he must go. Before morning he passed in his checks; he had been faithful in life and brave in death, and if it was to be that he must go, I had rather see him go that way than any other with his face to the enemy, standing between his master and danger.

The next day we buried him in the head of a ravine not far from our camp; we covered his body well with dirt and then placed some large stones over the dirt to keep the coyotes from digging him up after we were gone. I turned from his lonely grave with moist eyes and a heavy heart, for I knew in his last resting place I had left one of the best and truest friends that I had on earth.

His funeral drige was chanted by the loafers and coyotes of the wild Western prairies, and his sad requiem is being sung by the howling winds that traverse the canyons and great plains of the Northwest.

McKinney, Texas, Jan. 26, 1878.

THE INDIAN BULLBOAT.—New Utrecht, L. I., N. Y., Jan. 25, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—One of the most curious contrivances for crossing and descending our Western rivers is the bullboat. It has been in use many years among the different bands of Sioux, Chippewa and Arickaree (Ree) Indians. The hide of a bull elk is used as a covering for each boat, and it thus derives its name. The bullboat may be made any size, though it is usually constructed to accommodate from two to four persons. The frame is simply a large circular willow crate, with the raw elk hide stretched over it, fur side inward.

Although the boat is usually but two feet deep and six feet wide, its burden is very great. Many of our Western hunters use bullboats, and I have found them very convenient for descending long rivers. A boat of the above dimensions will comfortably accommodate two hunters and their trappings.

This boat is most in use on the upper Missouri River. The occupants paddle from opposite sides to prevent the boat from turning, thus driving it steadily ahead. When a boat is heavily laden, one Indian swims behind, answering the purpose of rudder, and at the same time assisting in propelling the boat.

The lazy bucks float for miles down rivers, in their boats when hunting, fighting, or trading, and their squaws pack the boats on their backs up the long, fatiguing trails on the river banks. Parties of a dozen or more are often seen packing boats, and to reach a destination it often takes several days travel.

J. H. BATTY.

SHIPPING GAME TO ENGLAND.—New York, Jan. 23, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—In the New York *Herald* of this date I noticed an item headed "Game to England," which stated that the game laws of England prohibited the killing of game at this season of the year; that one of the best known houses in England had undertaken to supply London and the continent with the finest American game—quails, prairie chickens, wild turkeys, etc.; that their agent had made his headquarters in Chicago, and the first shipment was to be made to-day. For several months in the year England would be dependent upon America for its game, and more to the same effect. I would respectfully ask where the quails, prairie chickens, etc., are to be shot at this season of the year, as I find upon consulting the game laws there are but few places where they can be killed just now, and as the item referred to specifies fifty barrels weekly for shipment, I would like to know which States are laid under contribution. The shooting season has closed in most states, and nearly closed in all, and the American sportsman has laid away his gun, and now the pot-hunter takes the field and does his level best to exterminate the game to send to a country where he would not dare to possess a gun without a license. Englishmen come here and wander all over, and shoot and waste what they please and instigate others to break the laws of the land. BIG PIECE.

The Horse.

Charleston Notes.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 26, 1878.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—As the meeting of our jockey club is so near at hand I append a list of horses which are now stabled at the Washington Course, trusting that it may prove of some interest to your readers. Thus far I have been unable to make a personal inspection of the animals, but will give you full reports of them and the races in my next. I will only add that the first named stable on the list is regarded as a very strong one, and from what I can gather, will bear off some of the laurels, at our meeting, which begins on Feb. 2.

MEDINGER'S STABLES, BALTIMORE, MD.

C g First Chance, by Baywood, dam Dot, aged.
B c Wash Booth, by Asteroid, dam Vandalia, 4 years old.
B c Tom Bacon, by Lynchburg, dam Fanny Fisher, 4 years old.
C c Indian Boy, by imp. Leamington, dam Flurilla, 4 years old.
C c Gov. Hampton, by Planet, dam Merry Wave, 4 years old.
B f Annie S., by imp. Phæton, dam Kate Anderson, 4 years old.

C. H. PETTINGILL'S STABLES, COLUMBIA, S. C.

C h Rappahannock, by King Lear, dam Fanny Washington, 5 yrs old.
C m Libby L., by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner, 5 years old.

ANTHONY HALL'S STABLES, CHARLESTON, S. C.

B g Jack Trigg, by Lightning, dam Sally Morgan, aged.

GAY'S TEXAS STABLE.

B h Incommode, by Melbourne, Jr., dam Income, 4 years old.
C h Gen. Phelips, by imp. Glenelg, dam La Polka, 4 years old.
B h Little Reb, by Rebel, dam Kentuckian, 5 years old.
C h Judge Hancock, by Bulletin, dam Two Laura's, 4 years old.

JAMES DAVIS' STABLE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

S c Jim Bell, by Jno. Morgan, dam by Brown Dick, 4 years old.

WM. WYCHI'S STABLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

C h Hobkirk, by Red Dick, dam by Tar River, 5 years old.
B h Hatteras, by Red Dick, dam by Planet, 5 yrs old.
B f ——, by Red Dick, dam by Planet, 4 years old.
C n Swananos, by Red Dick, dam Lizzie Rodgers, 4 years old.
B m Red Slipper, by Red Dick, dam Lizzie Rodgers, 5 years old.
B m Abdalla, by Abdel Kader, dam by Jeff Davis, 5 years old.

GAFFNEY'S STABLE, BALTIMORE, MD.

B g Burgoo, by imp. Hurrah, dam Emily Downing, aged.
B g Dalgaslan, by Blarney Stone, dam Lucy Fowler, aged.
G g Johnny Bee, by Fire Ball, dam Jenny C. 5 years old.
C c ——, by Gaberlunzie, dam Flora McRea, 4 years old.

H. WALLER'S STABLE'S, NEW YORK.

C h Egypt, by Planet, dam Lady Berry, aged.
B h Ascot, by Enquirer, dam Indo, aged.

STABLES EXPECTED—ATKINSON, TENN.

B m ——, by Bonnie Scotland, dam ——, 4 years old.
C c Burgundy, by Bonnie Scotland, dam ——, 3 years old.

I. HILL, TENN.

B m Belle Isle by Bonnie Scotland, dam ——, — years old.

SHAY, BOSTON, MASS.

R h Risk, by Revolver, dam Serene, aged.

ECHO.

NOTED HORSES ON NEW YORK ROADS.—David Bonner is driving on the avenues his brother Robert's stallion Prince, by William Rysdyk (a son of Hambletonian), dam the famous Flora Temple. Prince has trotted a mile on Mr. Bonner's three-quarter of a mile track in 2:26, and, as well as being fast, is a tough and hardy horse. Messrs. Connor & Bacheldor are driving as a road team the gray gelding Tanner Boy and bay gelding John H. When called on this team can respond with a "clip" close to 2:20, as they trot very kindly together.

Table Showing All Races in which a First-class Technical Record has been Made.

Winner.	Sire.	Place and Date.	Beaten Horses, and Time.
exter,	Rysdyk's Hambl't'nian,	Buffalo, Aug. 14, 1867,	Time (1), 2:21¼, 2:17¼.
dy Thorne,	Mambrino Chief,	Narragansett, Oct. 8, 1869,	Geo. Palmer (3), Goldsmith Maid, Lucy, Amer. Girl, 19¾, 18¼, 19¾, 21.
oldsmith Maid,	Alexander's Abdallah,	Milwaukee, Sept. 6, 1871,	Lucy, 20½, 17, 20¼.
do	do	Minneapolis, Sept. 16, 1871,	Lucy, 22¾, 17½, 21.
do	do	Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1871,	Lucy, 22½, 18¾, 18¼.
do	do	St. Jo., Mo., Oct. 14, 1871,	Lucy, 24, 18½, 23.
do	do	Mystic Park, June 19, 1872,	Lucy, 21, 16¾, 19¾.
do	do	Prospect Park, June 27, '72,	Lucy, Henry, American Girl, 17¼, 19, 17¾.
do	do	Cleveland, July 19, 1872,	Lucy, American Girl, 19, 18, 19.
do	do	Cincinnati, July 26, 1872,	Lucy, 19, 17½, 22¼.
	George M. Patchen,	Buffalo, Aug. 6, 1872,	American Girl (2), Goldsmith Maid, Henry, 18¼, 17¼, 19¾, 22.
cy,	Alexander's Abdallah,	Sacramento, Sept. 28, 1872,	Lucy, 20, 17¼, 23½.
oldsmith Maid,	do	San Francisco, Oct. 5, 1872,	Lucy, 25, 18¼, 22.
do	do	Chicago, Oct. 16, 1873,	Gloster, Bashaw Jr., 23½, 18, 22½.
do	do	do Oct. 24, 1873,	(Time 2:18) (1), 18¼, 17½.
	Doc.,	Sacramento, Sept. 17, 1873,	(Time 2:17¼), 16¾.
cident,	Alexander's Abdallah,	Prospect Park, June 8, 1874,	Judge Fullerton (1), 19, 18¼, 28, 21½.
oldsmith Maid,	do	E.Saginaw, Mich., July 16, '74	Judge Fullerton, 19¾, 16½, 16.
do	do	Buffalo, Aug. 7, 1874,	(Time 2:16), 15½.
do	do	Rochester, Aug. 12, 1874,	Judge Fullerton, American Girl, 19½, 14¾, 19¾.
oster,	Volunteer,	do Aug. 14, 1874,	Red Cloud (0.1), Sensation, St. James, Gazelle, Camors, 18, 17¾, 17, 19.
d Cloud,		Buffalo, Aug. 7, 1874,	Camors (1.2), Gloster, Nettie, Sensat'n, St. James, 20½, 19¾, 18, 18½, 21.
a,	Alexander's Norman,	Rochester, Aug. 11, 1874,	Derby Triumph, Badger Girl, George, 21, 24¼, 16¾.
oster,	Volunteer,	Hartford, Ct., Aug. 26, '74,	Sensation, Bodine (1) (4 dis.), 21, 20½, 21¼, 18½.
oldsmith Maid,	Alexander's Abdallah,	Sp'ngfl'ld, Mass. Aug. 19, '74	Judge Fullerton, American Girl, 19, 16, 18.
dine,	Volunteer,	Boston, Sept. 1, 1874,	Lulu (2), Hopeful (3), Susie, Castle Boy, George, 22, 18¼, 23, 21½, 24.
oldsmith Maid,	Alexander's Abdallah,	do Sept. 2, 1874,	(Time 2:14¾) (1), 19½, 14 (second heat best on record).
do	do	Hartford, Aug. 28, 1874,	American Girl, Judge Fullerton, Lulu, 17¾, 18, 18½.
do	do	Boston, Sept. 7, 1874,	Judge Fullerton, American Girl, 18, 18¾, 19¾.
do	do	do Sept. 12, 1874,	Judge Fullerton (1), American Girl, 19, 18, 20, 23½.
	Rysdyk's Hambl't'nian,	do Sept. 11, 1874,	Gloster (2), Red Cloud (1), 23¾, 19½, 18, 19¾, 22½.
tie,	Amos Clay,	Albany, Sept. 25, 1874,	Camors, 20¼, 16½, 19.
erican Girl,	Alexander's Abdallah,	Chicago, Oct. 7, 1874,	(Time 2:18?) (1), 19, 17.
oldsmith Maid,	Doc.,	San Francisco, Oct. 31, 1874,	Judge Fullerton (1), 19, 18, 22¾.
cident,	Edward Everett,	Cleveland, July 28, 1875,	Lady Maud, Nettie, 20½, 18, 19¾.
ge Fullerton,	Alexander's Abdallah,	do July 30, 1875,	Lula, American Girl, 18¾, 19¾, 19½.
oldsmith Maid,	do	Poughkeepsie, Aug. 7, 1875,	American Girl (1), Huntress, 17¾, 18, 19½, 20
do	Alexander's Norman,	Buffalo, Aug. 9, 1875,	Nettie, 22, 18½, 15.
a,	do	Rochester, Aug. 14, 1875,	Goldsmith Maid (1), American Girl, Nettie, 15½, 16½, 15½, 17.
do	Gen. Knox,	do Aug. 11, 1875,	Judge Fullerton, Nettie, 18¼, 19½, 18¾.
y Maud,	Alexander's Abdallah,	Utica, Aug. 21, 1875,	American Girl, Lula, 18¾, 17¾, 16.
oldsmith Maid,	Godfrey's Patchen,	Hartford, Aug. 31, 1875,	Lady Maud (3.4), Lucille Golddust, Henry, 18¼, 22½, 19, 20¼, 23½.
eful,	Alexander's Abdallah,	do Sept. 3, 1875,	(Time 2:15½) (1), 22¼, 14½.
oldsmith Maid,	Godfrey's Patchen,	do Sept. 3, 1875,	American Girl, 17¼, 18¼, 18¾.
eful,	Blanco,	Cleveland, July 27, 1876,	Gold. Maid (1) (2), Lucil. G., Full'rt'n, Bodine, 15½, 17¼, 16¼, 19¾, 17½.
ggler,	Alexander's Abdallah,	Buffalo, Aug. 3, 1876,	Fullerton, Bodine, Lucille Golddust, Smuggler, 16, 15¼, 15.
oldsmith Maid,	Blanco,	Philadelphia, July 15, 1876,	Fullerton (2.0), 17½, 18, 17, 20.
ggler,	Alexander's Abdallah,	Hartford, Aug. 31, 1876,	Smuggler (1)(2)(3.0), Judge Full'rt'n, Bodine, 15¼, 17, 16¾, 17¼, 18, 19¾.
oldsmith Maid,	Blanco,	Rochester, Aug. 10, 1876,	Fullerton, Lucille Golddust, Bodine, 15¾, 18, 19½.
ggler	Alexander's Abdallah,	Utica, Aug. 17, 1876,	Lucille Golddust, Bodine, Fullerton, 18½, 18¾, 18½.
oldsmith Maid,	do	Poughkeepsie, Aug. 24, '76,	Bodine, Lula (1 dis.), Smuggler, (1 dis.), Fullerton (1 dis), 16¼, 18¼, 20.
do	do	Springfield, Sept. 7, 1876,	Bodine, Fullerton, Smuggler, 19½, 16¼, 22.
do	do	San. Jose, Cal., Mar. 31, '77,	Rarus, 22½, 16¾, 18¼.
do	do	do May 12, '77,	Rarus, 20½, 16¾, 19¾.
do	do	Chico, Cal., May 19, 1877,	Rarus, 19½, 14½, 17.
eful,	Godfrey's Patchen,	Fleetwood, June 28, 1877,	Fullerton, Albemarle, Adelaide, 18½, 20, 21½.
do	do	Boston, July 5, 1877,	Great Eastern (2), 22, 26, 18¾, 19½.
s,	Conklin's Abdallah,	Cleveland, July 25, 1877,	Lucille Golddust, Cozette, Albemarle, 18¼, 18, 18¾.
Go,	Sharatack Jr.,	do July 26, 1877,	Little Fred (1) (2), and 7 others, 20, 20¼, 18½, 20½, 22.
s,	Conklin's Abdallah,	Buffalo, Aug. 3, 1877,	Lucille Golddust, Nettie, 19¾, 18, 19¾.
do	do	Rochester, Aug. 8, 1877,	Lucille Golddust, Cozette, 17½, 17½, 16.
lle Golddust,	Golddust,	do Aug. 10, 1877,	Nettie 21, 16¼, 22¼.
o,	Conklin's Abdallah,	Utica, Aug. 15, 1877,	Lucille Golddust, Great Eastern, 19, 20, 17.
le Golddust,	Golddust,	do Aug. 17, 1877,	Hopeful, Nettie, 17½, 18¾, 18¾.
ful,	Godfrey's Patchen,	Poughkeepsie, Aug. 24, '77,	Nettie (3) (4), Lucille Golddust, 18¾, 19, 20, 25, 22¼.
e,	Conklin's Abdallah,	Fleetwood, Sept. 22, 1877,	Great Eastern (saddle), (2) (3) (4.0), 33, 18, 15¾, 18¾, 21, 27½.
do	do	do Sept. 28, 1877,	Hopeful, 17½, 16½, 19¾.
do	do	Columbus, Oct. 11, 1877,	Great Eastern, 23, 17½, 21.
do	do	Cincinnati, Oct. 16, 1877,	Great Eastern (saddle), (1), 23½, 18, 25, 21½.

analysis of the above table will show that it contains the names of seventeen horses that have won heats in time better than 2:19. The following is a summary:

Name.	Best Record.	No. of Heats Better than 2:19.	Sire.	Recognized Trotting Elements in Pedigree.
oldsmith Maid,	2:14	55	Alexander's Abdallah,	Hambletonian and Abdallah.
la,	2:15	7	Alexander's Norman,	Norman.
uggler,	2:15¼	11	Blanco,	Cadmus.
rus,	2:16	13	Conklin's Abdallah,	Probably Abdallah and Napoleon.
cille Golddust,	2:16¼	4	Golddust,	Golddust.
erican Girl,	2:16½	3	Amos' Clay,	Clay.
cident,	2:16¾	2	Doc.,	None (some indefinite pacing crosses).
ster,	2:17	4	Volunteer,	Hambletonian and Stockbridge Chief.
xter,	2:17¼	1	Rysdyk's Hambletonian,	Hambletonian and American Star.
peful,	2:17¼	7	Godfrey's Patchen,	Clay.
ttie,	2:18	1	Rysdyk's Hambletonian,	Hambletonian and American Star.
dge Fullerton,	2:18	2	Edward Everett,	Hambletonian.
d Cloud,	2:18	3	Legal Tender,	Davy Crockett.
cy,	2:18¼	1	Geo. M. Patchen,	Clay and Mayday.
dy Maud,	2:18¼	2	Gen. Knox,	Harris' Hambletonian and Morgan.
dy Thorne,	2:18¾	1	Mambrino Chief,	Mambrino Chief.
w Go,	2:18½	1	Young Sharatack,	None.

The Trotting Horse.

Comstock in a recent article in the *Country Gentleman* believes dications present a more hopeful outlook to the breeders of stock. The stagnation of the past two or three years has been nally broken by transactions that evince an undertone of h to the interest. The great Stanford purchase at Stonyford a o; the spirited competition at the Worcester sale last Fall, and er the purchase of all the Woodburn weanlings by an Eastern g firm and their transfer from Kentucky to New York, go to hat far from being discouraged, the more discerning breeders lling themselves of the opportunities of the times to fortify for competition. With the return of prosperous times already fore- red—nay, insured by the inevitable logic of our national posi- seller instead of buyer among the nations of the earth—the horse is sure to rebound to his normal position in public affec- d attain higher prices than ever before. This has been the case racehorse for two hundred years in England, and the end is

Similar causes favor the trotter here with still more apparent or he is not only the plaything of the exceptionally wealthy, the pet of every class that can command amusement. His not only upon the public course, but competition for private en sends him to great prices, as the monied kings of our cities each other for pairs than can lead the way in a brush down

This private competition often robs the turf of its brightest nts, and at times is the highest market for the best animals. is the people's horse as well as the sportsman's, and is of a turns readily to purposes of utility, coming amiss at nothing one purpose for which the thoroughbred exists) and holds a the affections of a wider range of admirers than his equine of the silk and scarlet. So the rule more than holds good with destiny is still onward.

fore, as we jog along the road of life, let us, who take delight in of his step, who like him in the paddock, on the road or at , jot down by the way such facts as may serve us as land- which to guide his progress and teach us from what origin est qualities have sprung and how we may be most wisely gov- our attempts to reproduce his better types.

ars ago this Winter I analyzed the trotting records as they ted; published a table showing all races in which a record of etter had been made, and gave a list of all horses that had a 2:23 or better. Upon those data I pointed out the different of blood that had contributed towards the production of of first-class excellence. At the time that article was written, me of trotting, though in full favor with the people, and con- pon a grand scale, had not reached the extreme achievements l on record to-day. When the trotting season terminated in nty horses had secured records of 2:23 or better, ranging from t down to Goldsmith Maid's (then) 2:16¾. The reason why I 2:23 and better as the standard by which to judge the breeding ass horses, was that the trotting association had fixed upon cular point as the bar that defined the "free-for-all" class. be understood by experts, but the novice may need the farther on that horses that had won a heat in better time than 2:23, ged by the terms of their programmes to trot in races that were competitors, and were therefore rated in the first class as per- while the second class was likewise defined by a somewhat cord than 2:23, and so on to the slower classes, which were re- horses that had no better record than 2:40, 2:50, 3:00, etc., and s only eligible to such classes as were limited by a bar that t or faster than his record, each record approximating in effect ory handicap for the protection of horses of slower record.

yels of the pedigrees of horses that had beaten 2:23 was there- t time a very interesting study to breeders, for while animals ry valuable as trotters, without capacity to reach the first may command good prices for road use, or for the track in asses, it is, nevertheless, evident that the animal capable of a performance covers all this ground and more besides, and that in that which he excels the others—greater speed and endurance blended—there is great profit to his possessor. This being the fact, it should be the aim of every enterprising breeder to use all influences within his reach to produce first-class animals, rather than those of a lower grade, because, at whatever standard he aims, he will of necessity fall short in so many of his attempts, and succeed proportionately in so few, that his average will rank too low unless his standard be a very high one.

There is no combination of blood, or system of breeding, rearing and training, that can be relied upon to produce a first-class trotter, but if in analyzing these bearings as they relate to the several animals that are comprised within the technical limits of the first class, we discover in a considerable percentage of them similar conditions as to pedigree, rearing and development, we may reasonably infer that the conditions so observed are favorable to the chances of an animal for becoming a first-class performer, and that such conditions should be perpetuated by selection in breeding, and care in rearing and developing, if we would secure the greatest number of favorable chances.

It was not the object of that article, nor is it of this, to consider the subject of rearing or training young trotters in order to develop their utmost powers, but rather the selection of blood best suited to bring them into the world with the greatest number of chances in their favor, in the way of natural inherent capacity for becoming first-class animals, when properly developed.

It is a breeder's maxim that "like produces like, or the likeness of some ancestor." This is generally accepted as a truism, and sufficiently accurate for general purposes; therefore when I pointed out the preponderance of this or that strain of blood, in the creation of the several first-class animals comprised in the whole record, awarding to each its comparative value in proportion to its representation, it was generally accepted as the just mode of studying the subject, and met with such favor that the article had a circulation all over the country, and the tables, perfected to subsequent dates, were afterwards used by other writers and investigators, even after the limit of 2.23 had ceased to have a logical bearing in bringing forward the same line of argument. The method, therefore, having become so popular as to take precedence of others, even to the extent of being presented in partial form, in the elaborate catalogues of several of the more enterprising breeders, showing such portions as have direct bearing upon the lines of blood which they are using, I shall again present it revised to date, and as nearly entire as much careful research has enabled me to make it, which is the best claim I can put forth for its consideration, as it is at once evident that for disinterested investigation the only true value of the system is in its covering the whole ground, or as near thereto as possible.

During the past five years the average speed of first-class horses has so materially increased that the associations have from year to year lowered the limit that divides the free-for-all class from the next in order, which during the last season was confined, by the prominent associations, to horses that had never beaten 2:19. Therefore a purse for the 2:19 class prohibited from entry all animals that had achieved a record faster than that time, and forced them into the free-for-all class. It is fair therefore to assume that this action defines the standing of a first-class horse (so far as demonstrated by the record, which is the only reliable means we can apply to general use) to be one that has beaten 2:19 in harness. In considering this subject I have ignored all performances in other rig, that do not constitute a bar in harness races under the rules, as well as private trials. Races against time are ignored where the horse failed to make the specified time and a technical record. It is questionable for obvious reasons whether *any* performance against time should be considered on a par with a corresponding one where competing horses are engaged; but to avoid controversy we will follow technical records as regulated by the powers that be. I would not be understood as believing there are no first-class horses but those I have defined as such. Indeed I think there are several that when called upon will drop into that class, and that some bygone ones might have done so with the advantages of modern times. But personal opinion should not be admitted as a ground for deviation. Nor will I claim that my standard is a strictly just one in all respects. heats against time, which are just as accurately timed and established Records against time should either be thrown out entirely, or else lost as though won, should be accepted in the estimate. However, as I have said, I will maintain the standard fixed by the rules of the National Association.

The above table should contain the summaries of all races in which 2:19 has been beaten under the specified conditions, and I believe it is accurate. A number following the name of a beaten horse indicates that he won the heat corresponding to the given number except when the number is accompanied by *o* or the abbreviation *dis.*, which in the first case means that the beaten horse made a dead heat corresponding to the number, and in the latter case that he was distanced in that heat.

There is matter of interest in the above summary, as a starting point for all who would make the trotting horse a study, whether with a view to buying for track or road, or to sell again, or for the facinating and (if judiciously conducted) profitable occupation of breeding for the market. The first class leads and governs the fashion; it is the most reliable index to the highest merit, and is the object and aim of the most ambitious breeders. If in examining it, we find that some strains of blood have contributed more largely to its composition than others, it is fair to presume that by using those strains again we are more apt than otherwise to succeed. Proved laws of success are more reliable than ventures upon less tried ground.

The sires of three animals in the above summary (Nos. 3, 7, 17) may be denominated exceptional, since they have not produced, nor do they belong to a family that has produced any other first-class trotter, or one that at all approximates the standard. They belong to no definite strains of blood that have contributed turf material of prominence outside of the animals named.

Mambrino Chief.—Among other names in the list of sires this horse appears once, represented by Lady Thorne. He is by no means an exceptional sire, as we shall hereafter see that his name frequently appears in other classes of high order and with much frequency in the pedigrees of first-class young trotters; so much so that his blood is developing marvelously as handed down through his daughters as well as his sons, rendering them highly prized as brood mares.

Golddust appears once, and is another that sustains a high position, his one representation in the first-class table being well supported in other meritorious positions, as will be seen hereafter.

Gen. Knox also appears once, and we shall find him again well up on the records of succeeding classes. It is through him that the rich strain of Harris' Hambletonian reaches its highest position, except where it comes through Alexander's Norman.

Alexander's Norman appears once, and in point of speed his representative is only excelled by that of Alexander's Abdallah, two wonderful sires to have been owned in one establishment.

We shall find that Alexander's Norman is exceedingly well sustained in a wider field of investigation than that under immediate consideration.

Amos' Clay, Geo. M. Patchen and Godfrey's Patchen appear once each, but I mention them together for the reason that they belong to a common line of blood—the former two being sons, and the latter a grandson, of old Cassius M. Clay. This Clay line, dating from Henry Clay, the sire of Cassius M. Clay, is one of the most potent of all trotting strains of blood. It has shown its capacity to create first-class animals without the assistance of other blood that is recognized as a trotting leaven. The fact that it contributes in this way over one-sixth of all the animals that have reached a first-class place upon the records out of the thousands that have been trained, is a sufficient commentary upon its merits. It will be found in every class in which trotters start—young as well as old.

Rysdyk's Hambletonian is the only sire whose name appears more than once—he being represented by Dexter and Nettie, in both cases sustained by the great cross of American Star. But his influence does not stop here, for his sons Volunteer, Alexander's Abdallah and Edward Everett, have each a representative; and if we credit either story relative to the breeding of Conklin's Abdallah, who is also in the list, be he a son of Hambletonian, or of his sire Old Abdallah, the same strain of blood gets credit for a sixth representative out of the seventeen comprised in the list. Still it may reasonably be argued that so long as it cannot be shown which of two horses begat Conklin's Abdallah, it cannot be shown that either did, and this being the case, he should be put out of the calculation until farther investigation clears the matter up. But with the other five representatives, the Hambletonian family stand accountable for about thirty per cent. of the table—a much larger percentage than any other one strain. In this position, however, it has been in some instances assisted by crosses outside of its own line, that are recognized as elements of more or less potency. Yet when all is told, its greatest results are seen where it has doubled upon its own parent strain from Abdallah, and the more this is tried, the better it seems to work.

Hunting.

Hunting Notes from Ireland.

"Shrill horns proclaimed (not) his flight," as one of the classics of hunting words it; as another sings of the truculent truant from Tar Wood, "he waited not, he was not found." Our hermit of Kilmoon exemplified both poets' themes to-day. But let me begin at the beginning before I plunge my readers into the *medias res* of the Newtown pastures, and the less pleasant *medias res* of some of those deep ditches which, though none so dear to Fame's trumpet as Whissendine, Soar, or Smite, the Waterperry or Brinkworth brooks, are quite as difficult to pass occasionally, and receive their tribute of men, horses, and saddlers' paraphernalia quite as liberally betimes.

A bitterly cold morning was Friday, the closing day of November's calendar. It succeeded a night of deluge and downpour, to judge by appearances on street and road; and a strong west wind seemed to be bringing us the last impressions from some detached floes of ice not yet absorbed by the Gulf current. It is about fifteen miles by road from Dublin to Kilmoon by the Irish standard—nearly twenty by that of England—and a more uninteresting drive it were hard to pick out in these kingdoms, unless, indeed, the versatile mind can perpetually occupy itself in inventing runs and the overcoming of mighty barriers as you pass through space; for to such there is ample scope as you drive through dairy and feeding grass lands all the way; and as for obstacles, that yawning chasm, "the lock of the bay," some five or six miles on the road,

Appals the bad, affrights the best [of pursuers],

to use the language of the bard of the last century, while the Ward river flowing between hollow banks affords a milder type of difficulty, but one which nevertheless is known to have affected the nervous sensibilities of men and horses before now.

Mud is certainly king of Ireland's metropolis and the avenues leading thereto. The liquefaction of the accumulated dirt is progressing fast just now, and the roads resolve themselves into mud canals, through which you splash and splutter along, to the serious detriment of the varnish on your carriage panels and the cleanliness of your own attire. In the days of redundant population, I suppose much of this misplaced matter would have been utilized in the erection of what the Mexicans called "doby" or adobe houses; but now our ædiles, waywardens, or whatever they style their office, send out a few mouldy-looking hands to scrape it towards the place which should represent the gutters, and by-and-by it is piled into huge masses, which harden into consistency, but must, I should imagine, contribute something to the liquid ooze which usurps the thoroughfares. The Romans never set the foot of conquest in Ireland. If they had occupied it for any time, no doubt the main arteries of communication would still testify to their skill. The tyrant Saxon, as "The Melodies of Moore" tell us, "profaned" the valleys of Ireland; if they had profaned and macadamised roads through them, we should certainly owe them a large debt of gratitude.

The fifteen miles of straight—mathematically straight—road between Dublin and Kilmoon are worked over at last; and when we reach the police barrack which represents the latter, it is to find about a score of carriages and cars and seventy or eighty votaries of Diana, ulstered and macintoshed, and busily engaged in keeping the little spark of vital caloric alive as well as they can; for we are in the midst of a wind-swept region of grass fields, overlooked by very gentle eminences, and shelter there is none, save the little modicum which the small blockhouse of a police

barrack yields. Eleven o'clock has passed; half-past has joined the majority of vanished hours, and we are nearing noontide; and still the hunt *posse comitatus* is nowhere in sight or sound.

At a meet like this, miles away from populous city or haunt of busy or idle man, the business element is sure to predominate; and so it did to-day most conspicuously—nearly everyone meant to ride, and ride hard if he got the chance. I have not time now to speak or write about many very promising-looking hunters, walking or trotting along the road to keep the circulation going, nor of the mounts of Messrs. Kelly, Laurin, Perston, Norton, Hillier, Gradwell, Reynolds, Lynch, Langan; be sure that one and all are clever and full of capacity, whether it is to be developed to the highest degree to-day or not.

"He cometh not," *she* said; "he cometh not, *he* said. The chorus take up the antistrophe with "They come not; they come not; of cold we'll all be dead." Meanwhile rumors, that even the wind could not silence, spread it about that there had been a railway accident, and this gave ample scope for all sorts of surmises. Had it been a collision? How could that be, when the line was single, and there was no tangle of points or trains to bewilder and perplex the overwrought railway official mind? Had there been a fire, or had the coal supply failed? Among the other *on dits* we heard was that, luckily, the master had insured his hunt horses in the Guardian Insurance Company, and that this corporation would have to bear the brunt of the expense if there had been a smash. But a bit of blue sky peeps out westwards, and presently up rides Goodall with his hounds and his lieutenants, looking very unsmashed indeed; the train was late, and that was all.

Out of our ulsters now, and into our saddles; for the procession is jogging along smartly up a lane for half a mile, till we turn in by a gateway and are launched into the middle of a splendid grass farm of well-squared fields, where, if your horse has got his back up from the cold and long standing, you may give him a few satisfying breathers ere business begins. We are on the shoulder of Garristown Hill, which is crowned by a sort of tower, designed probably for a windmill—not much of a hill to be sure, perhaps not much loftier than one of the highest points in the Wiltshire downs; but the area of plain all around is vast, so that the view gained is very fine indeed. The view, however, with its beauties and sublimities, must be postponed till we are next in this quarter of the hunting hemisphere, or till the Greek Calends, seeing that right under us is our *point de mire*—a little inclosure of sticks and brambles, not a rood in extent I should think, but so sedulously preserved by that good sportsman, Mr. Reynolds, that it is never foxless. It has not once been found foxless, I believe; but it seems to be in that category to-day, for never a stern feathers, never a whimper greets the attentive and strained ear. "There he goes!" says somebody. "There he goes!" echo a few more; and sure enough there, loping along a pasture to our left, is the object of our great ambition. "He waited not, he was not found," in good sooth; but the hounds are on him in a twinkling, while we gallop frantically for two or three gates, to avoid some fences deemed impracticable. Fox and hounds turn in our favor presently, for, strangely enough, the former faces the blast, and gives us a notion that he is bound for the opposing hill of Kilbrew, which, with its belts of plantation, stands out against the sky line some three miles distant. A few are following the pack; the majority of us are riding down a sort of grassy ride, separated from the former division by a semi-gully, rather wide, rather deep, and rather hairy. Mr. Coleridge sees his spot, and, with a great effort, his young black horse lands him all right. No one follows suit, and we plod on a few hundred yards further, till the pack turn from us. And now our work begins, with a wide ditch and bank which has to be done, *coute qui coute*. Very few turned away—some scrambled, some declined; but all, with a few exceptions, get to the far side, and were sailing away for Kilbrew, with a pack racing in front, and many a large fence intervening between that haven and the point of departure. About the third or fourth fence was a drop into a laneway, through thorns, and in places guarded by wire and paling. Wire gets cut, paling broken, and on goes the tide, with three ladies going well, but one eminently so. Foxes are brave, foxes are bold, but they have the instinct of self preservation above all things; so something prompted ours to sink the wind, give up Kilbrew, and try for a haven nearer home. A long check follows soon at Tober Cregan, then some pottering, till we hear "Who-whoop!" at a sewer near Newtown, which some friend of foxes had left open, it may be purposely.

And now we are bound for Kilbrew, and on our way we pass the "drop scene" of the play, and rather formidable does it look in cold blood. By the road to Kilbrew it would take twenty minutes perhaps—by the fields not much more than half that time; but there is strong fencing to be crossed, and the primary one is no joke—a ditch, then a rampart with bank stone-faced in many places. All get over it more or less featly, though a sporting baronet's pink shows that he has become a knight of the shire by the accolade of mother earth in the process. More fencing—no more falling, I think—and Kilbrew gates (it is an old park, somewhat dismantled) have been passed. We canter down a hill, and in a sheltered valley, well watered, and by a small grove, is a second stick covert, which is as celebrated for holding as the "Sticks" (the sticks it is well named, as so close to the river Styx, of which many a valet can tell a tale), which set us galloping an hour ago. One cub is chopped straightway; three remain, and rather bewilder and perplex the hounds, who are inclined to divide on them: but at last one breaks away, pointing for the Reisk Gorse, passes it, and winds again past his home of faggots, races up the hill above it, then turns round by the road, and makes another circuit, when he leaves the covert of his youth below him. There is a little slow hunting here; then it quickens and becomes more animated; a beautiful line of country is crossed, and after some three miles or so of galloping, and as light was waning, they run into their quarry near Ashbourne, having hunted him for fully eight miles, fast and slow, slow and fast; on the whole an extremely good day, with scent of the highest character. I did not see the conclusion of this gallop, but I hear nothing could have been pleasanter, and that Mr. Trotter, Lord A. Lennox, Capts. Hunt and Crosbie, were in front all through it. Having missed the only train which led to Dublin, I had a weary tramp to the metropolis, which made me think far more highly of Gale, Weston, O'Leary, and such worthies than I ever did before.—*Special Correspondent London Field.*

Natural History.

Letters on Ornithology.

BY DR. ELLIOTT COUES, U. S. A.

NO. 17 THE AQUATIC WOOD-WAGTAIL, OR NEW YORK WATER THRUSH. (*Siurus noevius.*)

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Material for the life-history of the water thrush has gradually accumulated, until we now possess knowledge enough of the subject for a more complete biography than has hitherto appeared. The latest article, that from the long-accustomed pen of Dr. Brewer, is much the best, though the many items there given are perhaps none too closely knit into consequent narrative. As Dr. Brewer justly remarks, all that the earlier authors have left us respecting the habits of this bird must be taken *cum grano;* for it was a good while before the Louisiana or large-billed water thrush was fairly recognized; and much that Wilson, Nuttall, and Audubon have to say of the water thrush refers either to the other species, or to both species indiscriminately. Audubon indeed capped the confusion by reuniting the two species which he had formerly distinguished with sufficient precision. Wilson pertinently describes the aquatic habits and Motacilline actions of the true Water Thrush as observed in Pennsylvania; but the rest of his notice seems to point to the Large-billed bird. Nuttall's and Audubon's whole accounts parallel Wilson's in this regard; and none of these authors seem to speak of the vocalization, nidification, and breeding habits of the real water thrush, but rather of the Louisiana species. Sir John Richardson must have had the present species in exclusive view, as the other is not found about Carlton House; and Swainson's plate is unmistakable. Mr. Philip Henry Gosse gives us one of his delightful and characteristic sketches, undoubtedly referring to the present species, under the names of "River Pink" and "Bessy Kick-up." These notices, including, of course, Dr. Brewer's last and best one, are among the principal accounts we have; for if the long synonymatic list that might be given with this article be analyzed, it will be found to consist largely of the compilations of name-peddlers, otherwise known as systematists, taxonomists, and philosophers, who describe and redescribe with insufficient knowledge of what their predecessors have done, and in whose hands natural history becomes not unlike a kaleidoscopic tube, where names, like colored bits of glass, leap into fantastic shapes at the touch of the pen-point. Few indeed of the namers of the many species that have sprung up like mushrooms in the fertile compost heap of synonymy knew anything of the water thrush except as a museum object; and, as if there were not names enough already, several of the French ornithologists, with characteristic vivacity, bestowed a number more. Wilson knew the bird he called *Turdus aquaticus*, and so doubtless did Bartram when he called it *Motacilla fluviatilis*. Among the earlier notices, we have several from independent original sources; such are that of Pennant's "New York Warbler," and Buffon's "Fauvette tachetee de la Louisiane," and Brisson's "Figuier brun de S. Domingue"; and Buffon's bird, figured on the Planche Enluminee 752, afforded the very first technical name of the species, that bestowed in 1873 by the cataloguer Boddaert.

Very many of the numerous citations I have compiled, however, are those I give to certify the recognized geographical distribution of the species, as vouchers for its occurrence in the widely separated localities which, when duly collated, enable us to map its dispersion and trace its movements. This is always an important subject, and one which, I think, more than justifies the bibliographical matter which may seem to the general reader to so heavily handicap the present volume, but which is the real ballast of the book if not the most valuable part of the cargo which I bring. By such researches I have traced the spread of the water thrush over all of North America, there being few small areas and no large ones whence I have not gathered reports of its presence—through Mexico and Central America—among nearly all of the West Indies—and for a considerable distance into South America. Its latitudinal dispersion is from Brazil to the Arctic Ocean; in longitude, it reaches across the northern half of the Western Hemisphere, and perhaps of the southern portion also; though I believe that our South American records to date do not attest its presence on the western side of South America. In the greater part of North America, it is of general and common occurrence, and the same is the case in the West Indies, Eastern Mexico, and Central America. It is not so frequent, perhaps less regular in its appearances, and, at any rate, not so commonly observed, in the middle and western provinces of North America, as it is in the eastern; but we may remember that the observers are there far fewer. This is a migratory species, of course; for no small insectivorous bird covers such an extent of country as I have indicated at all seasons of the year. In this matter of its movements we may note, first, that it is not accredited with any extralimital record of breeding, so far as I can now recall; but I speak guardedly here, as the record is voluminous, and among the many notices extant there may be some indicating that certain individuals do not perform the extensive migrations required for their presence within the bird's recognized breeding range in North America. As to its nesting in the southern portions of the United States, we must put out of court such testimony as is vitiated by references to *S. motacilla;* and this aside, there is no evidence that I know of to prove that the bird nestles south of about the latitude of Washington, D. C. There I have myself found the water thrush through the Summer, under circumstances that leave no doubt of its breeding. Almost directly north of such latitude, accounts of its Summer residence and nidification begin to multiply, and its nesting thence to the arctic regions is established.

As will have been inferred already, the Winter resorts of the water thrush are for the most part beyond our limits; yet the fact that many individuals linger through the year in the Southern States is well attested. In Illinois, for example, where *S. Motacilla* breeds in abundance, the water thrush is only known as a migrant and as a partial Winter resident. According to Mr. Ridgway, they reappear from the North in August, and many linger in the sheltered forests of the river-bottoms, where he has heard them sing in December and January. The period and duration of the vernal and autumnal movements are not easily determined in the case of a bird that gets over so much ground; but the months of April and September appear to be those when the migrations are at their height. I may give some isolated data bearing on this subject. In Jamaica, Mr. March found water thrushes from early in August to the end of March. Henshaw saw the birds in Colorado in the middle of May, and in Arizona late in August. May is the month in which their arrival has been noted for the Middle States and New England, and also for the Saskatchewan region. Could all the data we have be verified and digested, we should probably find that the water thrush is a bird of rapid and not of the most regular migration, likely to appear at such times and places that it becomes difficult to reconcile the seemingly conflicting testimony we possess.

June is the height of the breeding season with this bird. During this month, egg-laden nests have been found so far apart as Maine and Alaska—early in the month in the New England locality just mentioned, and later on the Yukon River. Doubtless only one brood is reared in the higher latitudes to which the birds resort; the case may also be the same in other localities, and probably is so, considering how soon—by the forepart of August—these birds reappear in places where they are not known to breed, as in Illinois and Jamaica. In the few instances which have come to the knowledge of naturalists, the water thrush's nest was built on the ground or its equivalent. The Alaskan nests to which I have alluded were placed by the river bank, at the foot of willow-bushes, one of them beneath a small pile of driftwood, and contained four to six eggs. These and other Arctic nests, as preserved in the Smithsonian Institution, are about four inches across by two-thirds as much in depth; they are composed chiefly of moss, compactly matted and mixed with sticks and straws, one of them having also a large amount of circular-woven fibrous material in a state of disintegration. A nest found in Maine by Prof. A. E. Verrill, and described with particularity by Dr. Brewer, was built in an excavation in the side of a decayed log, which overarched the structure somewhat as the domed portion of the nest of the golden-crowned thrush covers the main part of the structure. It was a beautiful fabric, built chiefly of green *hypnum* mosses, with which a few withered leaves and plant stems were mixed, having a compact inner portion or lining of the fruit-stems of the same *hypnum*, and showing a number slender black rootlets intertwined around the outer circumference. It was flatter and shallower than the nests I have seen, being four and a half inches across, but only one and a half high, with a cavity half an inch less in depth. "This nest contained five eggs, the brilliant white ground of which, with their delicately shaped spots of reddish brown, contrasted with the bright green of the mossy exterior, and set off to advantage by the conspicuous and unique lining, produce a very beautiful effect."

The numerous eggs I have examined—all, however, after they had been emptied of their contents—measure from three-fourths to four-fifths of an inch in length by a little more or less than two-thirds of an inch in breadth—more exactly, two selected specimens give respectively the measurements 0.75 by 0.58 and 0.82 by 0.60. The ground-color of the shell is brilliant crystal-white; this is marked all over, but in most cases more thickly at and around the larger end than elsewhere, with small spots of reddish, of quite dark brown, and of lilac or lavender—sometimes all the spots being dots and mere points; sometimes many of them being larger, and more or less confluent to enwreathe the greater end of the egg. Occasionally the other end, or even some considerable part of the egg, is nearly free from markings, but the shell, as a rule, is pretty thoroughly speckled.

The singing of birds is inseparably associated with the power and the desire to bring forth, as the involuntary and uncontrollable expression of emotions that are never stayed except through gratification. Surcease of passion is the fountain brimming over, when the stream of life flows downward like the loosened brook forever, and the babbling of the waters makes unconscious melody. I never heard the singing of this water thrush, nor do I find it carefully described; but it is likened, with good reason, to the song of the Louisiana, and this is so melodious, so loud and yet so mellow, as when once heard to slowly be forgotten. Both Audubon and Nuttall have expressed their admiration of this Philomel's performance, which the latter says is even heard at night, when the sweet, incessant warbling greets the ear, "like the dulcet lay of some fairy vision." It was long before we found out that the golden-crown sings also, for the harsh crescendo ditty of this bird is scarcely to be called a song; and when the vocal powers of the humbler water thrush receive full recognition, we shall doubtless know the three birds for a trio scarcely rivaled by the woodthrush and the hermit and the veery. Mr. Boardman calls the waterthrush one of our liveliest singers, beginning with a sudden, almost startling burst of melody, that rings as clear as if the joyous bird had found a long-lost mate, and then keeps falling till the slightest breath of air may blow the rest away. Its secrecy in singing lends a charm to the performance, for though the notes are sounded loud and fearlessly, the bird dislikes intrusion; and it sings best far away from prying eyes, amidst the dark recesses of the swamp.

Should you force your way,—perhaps by paddling in a light canoe beneath the overhanging mysteries of the dank morass,—perhaps by clambering among the fallen logs that jut from treacherous, black depths of ooze and slime,—you may even catch a glimpse of this coy songster as he dashes onward into a more secret fastness of his watery and seldom sunlit home. His song is still now; silence broods, or else a sharp, short note of anger and anxiety betrays the presence of the timid bird, too restless and too nervous in his vague alarm to hide in safety, but rather dallying with danger as he leaps and balances on log, moss-bank or branchlet. But this is only when he feels the cares and the responsibilities of home and family. Later in the season, when these things are off his mind, he is quite another fellow, who will meet you more than half-way should you chance to find him there, with a wondering, perhaps, yet with a confident and quite familiar air of easy unconcern. Anywhere by the water's edge—in the *debris* of the wide-stretched river-bottom, in the flowery tangle of the brook, around the margins of the little pools that dot the surface where tall oaks and hickories make pleasant shade—there rambles the waterthrush. Watch him now and see how pretty he walks, rustling among the fallen leaves where he threads his way like a mouse, or wading even up to his knees in the shallow miniature lakes, like a sandpiper by the sea-shore, all intent on quest of the aquatic insects, worms, and tiny molluscs and crustaceans that form his varied food.* But as he rambles on in this gliding course, the mincing steps are constantly arrested, and the dainty stroller poises in a curious way to see-saw on his legs quite like a titlark or a spotted sandpiper. All of his group share this gait, quite different from the hopping movement with which the *Sylvicolidæ* in general progress—but see! he catches sight of us, and quite breaks off the thread of such reflections as he casts his bright brown eye upon us, with a coquettish turn sideways of the head. Let the pretty picture be; we leave him to resume in peace his morning's walk, bidding good speed.

* Gosse has found the stomach to contain "water insects and shells." Gentry has observed the beetles *Platynus cuprepennis*, *Harpalus pennsylvanicus*, and *Cratonychus pertinax*, the Neuropterous larvæ of *Agrion* and *Phryganea*, both larvæ and imagos of various Noctuidæ and Tineid moths, and the Dipterous *Culex tæniorhynchus*.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1878.

Bench Shows.

St. Louis Bench Show, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 19, 20, 21 and 22. Entries close Feb. 5.—Chas. Lincoln, Supt.; J. W. Munson, Sec'y.

Boston Kennel Club Show, Boston, Mass., March 26, 27, 28 and 29. Dr. E. J. Forster, Secretary.

Baltimore Kennel Club's Show, Baltimore, Md., April 23, 24, 25 and 26. L. R. Cassard, Sec'y.

The Westminster Kennel Club (New York) Bench Show, Gilmore's Garden, May 16, 17, 18 and 19. Dr. W. Seward Webb, Sec'y.

Field Trials.

Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association Field Trials, Nashville, Dec. 2. H. C. Prichett, Sec'y.

The Constitution of Blue Bloods.

BY ARNOLD BURGES.

In a recent letter Mr. Holabird recites his ill fortune in breeding blue blooded dogs, and argues from this that such dogs, as a class, lack in constitution. Now, one man's experience during a brief period and with a few specimens only, cannot form a criterion for judgment of an entire race. Let us, therefore, examine the *principle* involved in Mr. Holabird's theory, and see if it is a sound one. He attributes the alleged weakness to in-breeding, against which, we admit, there is a

country a popular prejudice; but be it remembered that this prejudice is confined to persons who have had none or very little experience in any kind of breeding. That extensive breeders of fine stock, whether horses or cattle, do not share in this view, is abundantly proved by the fact that there is not a stock farm, noted for its produce, where in-bred strains do not form the backbone of the establishment; nor is there, with very few exceptions, an animal of any reputation in the country which is not in-bred, that is, the offspring of in-bred blood. Breeders all over the world have long since recognized the principle that in-breeding among animals in a state of nature is the rule and not the exception, and by such breeding only can the special attributes of any race be made fixed and permanent. If it is claimed that what applies to wild animals will not do with domesticated specimens; that this state of breeding produces weak offspring that yield readily to disease. We would ask, in reply, How then can stock breeders afford to follow this practice? That they can afford to follow it, and that the mortality among in-bred stock is not great, is shown by the amount of yearly produce, and the large annual sales at noted farms, as well as the statements of the breeders themselves. Let any one who doubts this look over the files of the stock journals and see how few deaths of finely bred animals are reported, and yet, as Mr. Smith has truly observed, the death of a valuable animal is known everywhere.

The other animals do not deteriorate from in-breeding. Why should dogs? We do not believe they do, and we are convinced that few breeders will agree with Mr. Holabird's conclusions. Further than this, we do not hesitate to say that by far the greater part of his few backers will be drawn from the ranks of those advocates of the native, who like Black Ned, stand ever ready to cast a stone at the dogs they have never tried, and of which they practically know nothing, except that they are guilty of the unpardonable sin of having beaten the natives wherever they have met them, both upon the bench and in field trials. No man in the world has had more experience in breeding dogs than Mr. Laverack, the man whose memory is respected the world over as the preserver, if not the founder, of one of the purest and most reliable strains of setters in existence. Unimpeachable in character and of unquestionable veracity, Mr. Laverack has left us both in his valuable book and in his letters to the sporting journals, repeated assurances of the health and hardihood of his dogs. Dogs of his breeding have been purchased and bred again by other breeders, yet we have at least no evidence that they have failed to produce healthy offspring, and when we consider the jealousy which exists the world over among rival breeders, the absence of proof to the contrary becomes positive proof that this breed is not open to the charge of constitutional weakness. If the in-bred Laveracks, then, are not weak, is it probable that the Field Trial setter, in whose veins flows a fresh current of strong, pure blood, is lacking in strength? Personally, we have bred dogs for many years, fully twenty natives for every one blue blood, yet we have never had a more healthy, strong, enduring lot, young or old, than we have bred from the Field Trial and pure Irish strains—and be it remembered many of the Irish dogs are fully as closely in-bred as the Field Trials. Few dogs have within the same length of time sired more litters than Rob Roy. He has been bred to both native and blue blooded bitches, yet there are to-day *more* whelps alive from the latter than the former, a fact which to say the least does not support Mr. Holabird's theory. Our experience warrants us also in asserting that of the bitches of *all* breeds sent to our dogs, the blue bloods have, while with us, proved better feeders and less affected physically by their condition than the natives. Dogs of all kinds will occasionally fail to breed, but it is another significant fact that out of eight bitches which within three years have failed to our dogs, *five were natives*.

It is undoubtedly very discouraging to meet with such ill-luck as befell Mr. Holabird, but the careful examiner will need no stronger proof that his case was exceptional and that it does not warrant Mr. H.'s conclusions, than he will find when he counts up the immense number of young blue blooded dogs now *living* in this country, and compares them with the number of their sires and dams. It is but five years since the first Field Trial setter was introduced into this country, yet we will challenge proof that any equal number of natives have produced within this period so many whelps *now living* as can be shown from our different blue blooded strains.

MR. G. BREWIS' ENGLISH SETTER DASH II.

The Newfoundland Dog.

BY "STONEHENGE," IN *London Field*.

It is now generally admitted that there are two distinct types of this breed—one considerably larger than the other, and known as *the* Newfoundland, from its being generally found on the island of that name; while the other, distributed over the state of Labrador chiefly, though also met with in the island of Newfoundland, is now known as the Labrador, otherwise called the St. John or Lesser Newfoundland. In addition to these distinct types there are numberless nondescript dogs to be found in both of the above districts, and notably a breed of black and white dogs with curly coats and fine heads and frames, which, from one of them having been selected by Landseer to serve as a model for his celebrated picture denominated "A distinguished member of the Humane Society," are now known as the "Landseer Newfoundland." In spite, however, of the immortality thus conferred on them, our judges refuse to recognize their merits as compared with the whole blacks, and they are relegated to a separate class in those shows which recognize them at all. Independently of the difference in color, they also vary from the black type in being more open in their frames, weaker in their middles, and generally displaying a more shambling and ungraceful gait in walking. All the varieties of the breed are excellent swimmers.

The large, black Newfoundland is remarkable for his majestic appearance, combined with a benevolent expression of countenance. The latter quality being really in accordance with his disposition, and frequently displayed by his life-saving capacities in cases of threatened drowning, has made him for many years a great favorite, as a companion, especially, with those who live near the sea or any great river. With these points in view, judges have naturally made a full size of great importance, since it not only adds to the majestic aspect of the dog, but renders him really more capable of distinguishing himself in the career so beautifully commemorated by Landseer in the picture above alluded to.

The general opinion now is, as first pointed out by "Index" in *The Field*, that a dog of this breed above 26 inches is almost unknown in Newfoundland; but it is also allowed that puppies bred and reared in England of the pure strains, which in the island never attain a greater height than 26 inches, will grow to 30 inches or even 32 inches. Such an animal is Mr. Mapplebeck's Leo, who has recently taken the first prize at Islington in the Kennel Club show, after distinguishing himself previously at Bath, Swindon, and other exhibitions. He is, I believe, descended from an imported Newfoundland on both sides, and shows his pure descent in all respects, being the grandest specimen I ever saw. For this reason I have displaced the portrait of that fine dog, Mr. Robinson's Carlo, who represented the breed in the last edition of "Dogs of the British Islands," although I had intended to retain him; but Leo is so magnificent an animal that I could not leave him in the cold. By many people the rusty tinge in his coat is objected to, and no doubt it is slightly against him; but it is admitted by "Index," Mr. Lort, the late Mr. Wheelwright ("Old Bushman"), and others, who are acquainted with the breed in its native districts, that the rusty black is very common among the best strains, though considered by the native breeders to be a slight defect. The last-named gentleman left behind him on his death in 1865 a very fine Newfoundland dog of this rusty color, imported by himself, which his sister offered to me, and I gladly accepted the present, partly from respect for the memory of so good a sportsman and writer, and partly from my fondness for the breed. This dog was fully 28 inches high, which militates against the truth of "Index's" theory on that point, and had double dew claws on both hind legs, in which Mr. Mapplebeck's Leo is altogether wanting, but showing marks of their having been removed in his puppyhood. In all other respects he closely resembles Mr. Wheelwright's dog, but exceeds him in size by about 2½ inches to 3 inches, being nearly 31 inches in height. But although not absolutely perfect in color, the texture of his coat is so beautiful, that the rusty tinge on it may be almost overlooked; and, even if penalized, the dog must score fully 97½ points out of a possible 100, so perfect is he in all other respects; and we all know the difficulty of getting any dog so nearly correct in all his points as this estimate would make Leo to be. "Index," in his final letter, published in *The Field* of July 31, 1869, writes with regard to this tinge as follows: "The black dogs, especially when young, often appear to have a brown tinge on their coats. It is to be seen more or less in almost all these dogs, though not in all. Combing will often remove it if the dog has not been well kept; but I don't think much combing is advisable, for it sometimes would remove the brown-tinged black hair at the sacrifice of the length and thickness and beauty of the coat. Nor is the slight brown tinge (not visible in all light) ugly; nor is it inconsistent with purity of breed, though it would be always better absent." This extract is exactly in accordance with the evidence I have obtained on this point from Mr. Lort and other good judges who have visited Newfoundland. With regard to size, the same gentleman further writes in the same letter: "While from 24 inches to 26 inches is the average height of dogs on the island, I have seen that the standard often reached in England is considerably higher; and I cannot, either in theory or as a matter of taste, object to size if it be united with perfection of shape. All I have said, and all I maintain, is that size apart from color is worthless, and that very large dogs would often (in my experience almost invariably, though I have not had the presumption to advocate any rule on this experience), be found much inferior to dogs which stood in height in proportion as 24 or 26 is to 31 or 34. Whether young imported Newfoundlands do generally or frequently reach 30 inches or 31 inches, or whether such cases as those adduced as being within the knowledge of *The Field* are exceptional cases, has not been discussed by me."

Numberless anecdotes are told of the sagacity and fidelity of this dog, and notably of his desire to save life in cases of threatened drowning. The Rev. S. Atkinson, of Gateshead, had a narrow escape in trying to rescue one of two ladies who were immersed in the sea at Newbiggin, being himself unable to swim; but his fine dog Cato came to their aid from some considerable distance without being called, and, with his help, Mr. Atkinson was safely brought to shore, together with his utterly exhausted charge. Hundreds of similar cases, and of ropes being carried on shore from wrecked vessels, have been published, so that it is needless to gild the refined gold with which these deeds are emblazoned. This dog's fame as a member of the Humane Society, is as firmly established as that of the St. Bernard in the snow; and as the numbers of the former until recently have been greatly in excess of those of the latter, and the area for their operations is almost unlimited, while the St. Bernard is confined to a couple of monasteries, it is scarcely fair to compare the escapes carried through by the two breeds in point of numbers. Suffice it to say, that the gratitude of mankind has been earned by both.

The numerical value of the points in this breed is as follows:

POINTS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

	Value.		Value.		Value.
1. The Head	20	5. Back	10	9. Symmetry	10
2. Ears and Eyes	5	6. Legs	10	10. Color	5
3. Neck	10	7. Feet	5	11. Coat	5
4. Chest	5	8. Size	10	12. Tail	5
	40		35		25

Total—100.

1. The head (value 25) is very broad, and nearly flat on the top in each direction, exhibiting a well-marked occipital protuberance, and also a considerable brow over the eye, often rising three-quarters of an inch from the line of the nose, as is well shown in the case of my present illustration, Mr. Mapplebeck's Leo, in which it exists to a greater extent than usual. The Labrador shows the brow also, but not nearly in so marked a manner. There is a slight furrow down the middle of the top of the head, but nothing approaching to a stop. The skin on the forehead is slightly wrinkled, and the coat on the face and top of the head is short, but not so much so as in the curly retriever. Nose wide in all directions, but of average length, and moderately square at the end, with open nostrils; the whole of the jaws covered with short hair.

2. Eyes and ears (v. 5).—The eyes of this dog are small, and rather deeply set; but there should be no display of the haw or third eyelid. They are generally brown of various shades, but light rather than dark. The ears are small, clothed with short hair on all but the edges, which are fringed with longer hair.

3. The neck (v. 10) is often short, making the dog look chumpy and inelegant. This defect should always be attended to, and a dog with a sufficiently lengthy neck should have the full allowance; but, on the other hand, a short, chumpy one is so often met with that, even if present, the possessor of it should not be penalized with negative points. The throat is clean, without any development of frill, though thickly clothed with hair.

4. The chest (v. 5) is capacious, and rather round than flat; back ribs generally short.

5. The back (v. 10) is often slack and weak, but in some specimens, and notably in Leo, there is a fine development of muscle; accompanying this weak back there is often a rolling and weak walk.

6. The legs (v. 10) should be very bony and straight, well clothed with muscle on the arms and lower thighs. Elbows well let down, and neither in nor out. Both the fore and hind legs are thickly feathered, but not to any great length. There is also often a double dew claw.

7. The feet (v. 5) are large and wide, with thin soles. The toes are generally flat, and consequently this dog soon becomes foot-sore in road work, and cannot accompany a horse or carriage at a fast pace.

8. In size (v. 10) the Newfoundland should be at least 25 inches in height, and if he is beyond this it is a merit rather than a defect, as explained in the above remarks. Many very fine and purely-bred specimens reared in this country have been from 30 to 32 inches high.

9. The symmetry (v. 10) of this dog is often defective, owing to the tendency to a short neck and weak loin. As a consequence a symmetrical dog like Leo is highly to be approved of.

10. The color (v. 5) should be black, the richer the better; but a rusty stain in it is so common in the native breed that it should by no means be penalized. Still, the jet black is so handsome in comparison with it, that I think, other points being equal, it should count above the rusty stain in judging two dogs. A white star on the breast is often met with. The white and black color exhibited in the Landseer type never occurs in the true Newfoundland.

11. The coat (v. 5) of the Newfoundland is shaggy, without much undercoat, and at first sight it would appear unfit for much exposure to wet. It is, however, so thick and oily that it takes some time for the water to reach the skin through it. There is often a natural parting down the back, and the surface is very glossy.

12. The tail (v. 5) is long and gently curled on one side, but not carried high. It is clothed thickly with long hair, which is quite bushy, but often naturally parted down the middle.

Mr. Mapplebeck's Leo, whose portrait accompanies this article, is the finest Newfoundland I have ever seen, exhibiting all his best points in proportion, without the short neck and weak back which are so often met with. He is by Windle's Don out of Meg of Maldon, and is a great grandson of Mr. Robinson's Carlo, a first prize winner at Birmingham and Islington in 1864 and '65.

THE LANDSEER TYPE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

This dog differs from the true type chiefly in the color and texture of his coat. The former is always white with black patches, and the latter is more woolly, without the gloss of the true Newfoundland. He is also generally higher on the leg and more slack on the loin, giving a remarkably shambling and awkward gait.

THE LABRADOR OR LESSER NEWFOUNDLAND.

This dog, also called the St. John Newfoundland, has been fully described in the article on the wavy-coated retriever in *The Field* of June 16, 1877.

Disease.

BY GEORGE E. SUMMERS, M. D.

In the papers for sportsmen—our last endeavors being in the CHICAGO FIELD—at different intervals, we have had occasion to record a few of the many ailments which beset "that best of the friends of man, the faithful dog." In so doing, we aped the customs of our predecessors and betters, and plunged at once "in medias res," commencing our studies with special canine pathology.

To make amends, we now propose very briefly to define disease, that when present it may be recognized, and the terms used in its description may be the better understood, but in so doing, let it be distinctly understood we claim no originality.

Disease is the condition opposed to health. One author says, that creature is healthy "in whom the more important phenomena of life—nutrition, in its widest sense, development and reproduction, movement and sensation—take place quietly and uni-

formly." Another, that disease is a changed condition, or proportion of function or structure, in one or more parts of the body, "and is known only by comparing it with the standard of health of each individual animal and not of a class, for the standard of health in one may be disease in another." Thus the pulse of a setter or pointer in health, ranges from 90 to 105 pulsations or beats per minute, and yet we often find healthy animals in the same class, with a pulse of 80 or 115. "Muscular strength and activity, and nervous sensibility vary exceedingly in different animals of the breed," yet all within the limits of health.

Disease is called severe, when it threatens "permanent injury to important organs, or death to the sufferer;" mild, when under "ordinary circumstances" a complete cure is to be looked for; benign, "when the appreciable group of phenomena indicate a surely favorable issue;" while malignant diseases are those into "the course of which unforseen complications easily enter." The term malignant is now, however, applied "to all virulent diseases which threaten a fatal issue or tend to produce death."

Diseases lasting but a short time are commonly called acute diseases, while those lasting a long time are termed chronic. The new classification, however, is made rather upon the basis of the usual duration of individual diseases, as for example, we class distemper, as it is called, as an acute disorder; although it takes from four to six weeks to run its course; and the same is true of other fevers and inflammations.

Causes of diseases are such circumstances as essentially precede them, and "to whose operation their occurrence is due." Causes may exist within the body—then said to be intrinsic, or have their origin without the body—extrinsic.

Causes are divided into predisposing and exciting. Among predisposing causes may be placed, "impure air, imperfect nutrition, excessive bodily exertion, want of sufficient exercise, long continued heat or cold, repeated and excessive evacuations, either of blood or some secretion, previous debilitating disease or a hereditary tendency to disease, and disease already existing in the body." Exciting causes, or rather the exciting causes of diseases, are, very many of them at least, the same as the predisposing ones; viz., unwholesome diet, indigestible food, overfeeding, the lack or want of a sufficiency of nutritious material to keep up the required demands of "perpetual motion" or nerve force, excessive evacuation—as before enumerated—bodily exertion, deficient ventilation, extremes or sudden transitions of temperature, filth of kennels or filth accumulated on the surface of the body, and enzootic, epizootic—these words mean about the same as endemic and epidemic, the former being used in veterinary surgery—and infectious poisons."

Disease is recognized by those alterations in the chemical, vital and physical necessaries, or belongings of the body which are known as signs and symptoms.

Symptoms are divided into objective, "or those which the surgeon observes and appreciates through his senses," and subjective, called also rational—or those which the sufferer himself or herself, feels, as pain, "a sense of pressure, of constriction, etc." These latter may not be thought much of in the animal, *i. e.* of much value—yet anyone having the slightest experience in caring for, or nursing, one of the nobler of the brute creation, soon learns their method of speaking.

Physical signs are correctly speaking objective symptoms. They are called auscultation, or the act of listening, and percussion, or the act of striking, both of which play a most important part in forming our diagnosis of diseases. Why they are objective symptoms is because very "much more depends upon the experience" of the observer or veterinarian and the dexterity of his hands," than upon accuracy of hearing.

Diagnosis—or to diagnosticate—is the discrimination of one disease from another, while prognosis is the foretelling of "the course, modification and termination of disease," and its correctness depends largely, if not mainly, upon the exactness of our diagnosis; for we shape our replies upon the participation of the general organism—fever, state of strength, age, hereditary tendency, etc.—upon the extension of the disease in the body, upon the value of the affected organ for the maintenance of life, upon the vigor of the constitution," and upon the character of the enzootic or epizootic.

Finale. No one can ever expect to become even a mediocre diagnostician, or be able successfully to combat disease, unless he shall acquaint himself with his dog in health, by studying its character, constitution, temperament, actions and habits, and whether it be a "shy feeder" or a glutton; most important of all, however, is to know well the impressibility of its nervous system. In our next we shall speak, in like brief manner, of fever and inflammation.

Columbus, O., Jan. 25, 1878.

Cross-Breeding.

BY SHAMROCK.

There seems to be a difference of opinion amongst sportsmen regarding the cross-breeding of setters, but it certainly must be admitted by some of the opponents of the system that the Field Trial breed, which they so loudly praise, was produced by a crossing, what? the Laverack, a breed of undoubted purity with the Gordon and South Esk, a breed of itself a cross, the origin of one of which strains appears to be as obscure as the breeding of some of our natives, but it produced a fine strain of setters, against which as originally imported and bred from I have not one word to say; but it is the breeding in-and-in to so great an extent as is being done in this country that I fear will ere long bring it into disrepute. Already we see by the many deaths that occur, that the constitution and intellect are being impaired, which is proving, not only to the breeder, but the purchaser, a serious loss. "Idstone" says: "Crossing undoubtedly adds to the dog intelligence. The highest bred dogs are, as a rule, wanting in this faculty. The whole system becomes enfeebled, the constitution is more liable to disease and soon succumbs, the brain is weak, the circulation slow. Palsy, fits, dropsy, malformation of the limbs, every variety of disease attacks these high bred favorites from which the tinker's mongrel escapes; many of these calamities occur from close confinement and high feeding to which these valuable strains are subject, but most of them are the result of constitutional infirmity and scrofulous habits, which are the curse of high-bred or prize animals." Judicious crossing can only be successful where judgment and patience are used, and if in England, such crossing has produced good results, why should it not in this country? We have the pure Laverack stock to breed from, and native stock of undoubtedly as great purity as the Gordon or South Esk strains. Purity of blood, Mr. Laverack says: "Is breeding from an ancestry of known and tested goodness, which is only discoverable by having worked them yourself or seen them worked, thereby enabling you to judge of the natural disposition, capabilities, sagacity and adaptability for finding game." Plenty of bitches with such purity of blood may be found amongst our native stock, and I am strongly of the belief that crossing them with the Laverack blood will greatly improve their progeny in appearance, at least; but by in-breeding to the extent that is now being practiced in this country, we shall produce whelps that lack not only in stamina of constitution but intelligence, the very qualities which make a dog valuable. Some thus bred by the best of education have shown well at field trials, but so far they have not won as many first prizes in the champion class as the natives or cross-breeds. They possess beauty of form and fineness of coat, which gives them a prominence at bench shows, but these are not the most desirable qualities to a true sportsman. It has been admitted by one of our best writers on canine matters, that some of our best natives are equal to any dogs under the sun for field purposes. Such being the fact, cannot we, by introducing the Laverack cross so refine their progeny as to be at least equal if not superior to the blue bloods of the present day. If not, why not? The American sportsmen are ambitious, they are not satisfied with having as good stock as England produces, but will strive to produce something better if they can. I for one intend to try cross-breeding the Laverack, also the Field Trial with native bitches. I have already bred my Prairie Ranger bitch Pearl to Bergunthal's imported Rake of the Field Trial breed. I have done this, knowing he has produced good stock from Field Trial bitches, to ascertain from which of the two strains he got the better field performers. Not long since I visited my friend John Davidson, a noted sportsman, and there saw dogs a cross between the Field Trial and native, that in formation and field work I have not seen excelled. If these dogs are on exhibition at the St. Louis Bench Show next month, I hope those interested in the question of cross-breeding will examine them closely. Mr. Raymond could undoubtedly give considerable light on this subject, and I should be glad to hear from any who have tried it, the results. In all the works I read on breeding it is admitted that in-breeding to a great extent impairs the value of any class of animals. Time will tell.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 28, 1878.

The Entries for the Field Trial Derby.

The Fourth Field Trial Derby, for setter and pointer puppies, whelped in 1877, closed with 108 subscribers, which are ten more than last year. Of the 108 entries, sixty are setters and forty-eight pointers.

The trials will be run on partridges, at Horse Heath Cambridgeshire, about the first week in May. Among the entries is an American-bred puppy Lady Brown (by Belton out of Magnet, both imported), bred by Mr. Brown, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and entered by the Rev'd J. Cumming Macdona. This is the first American youngster which has returned to try conclusions with her English cousins.

The prizes in the trials are £50 for the first, £25 for the second and £5 each for the third and fourth.

Mr. W Arkwright's lem w d Puck, by Mr. Mason's Don II (brother to Wagg)—owner's Primula, by General Prim (pointer); May 14.

Mr. W. Arkwright's liv w b Prude, by Don. II—Primula (pointer); May 14.

Mr. G. Thorpe Bartram's liv w b Duck, by Monmouth (son of champion Bang)—owner's Bess (pointer); Jan. 12.

Mr. G. Thorpe Bartram's w bk t d Dun, by Mr. Duncan's champion Rollick—Bride, by Jet (son of Leicester) (setter); Feb. 22.

Mr. G. Thorpe Bartram's w bk t b Spy, by Rollick—Bride (setter); Feb. 22.

Mr. E. Bishop's bk w d Duchess, by champion Ranger--Lady (setter); Jan. 26.

Mr. E. Bishop's bk w t d Colin, by Mr. Statter's Frolic (son of Frank) —owner's Dumpsey (setter); April 14.

Mr. E. Bishop's bk w t d Roger, by Frolic- Dumsey (setter); April 14.

Mr. E. Bishop's bk w t d Corrig, by Frolic—Dumpsey (setter); April 14.

Mr. E. Bishop's bk w t d Kerry, by Frolic—Dumpsey setter); April 14.

Mr. E. Bishop's liv w b Lady, by Mr. Price's champion Wagg—Lady, by champion Squire (pointer); Feb.

Mr. J. Bishop's liv w d Brush, by Mr. G. Brewis' champion Roy—Mab (pointer); May.

Mr. J. Bishop's liv w b Broom, by Roy—Mab (pointer); May.

Mr. J. Bishop's liv w d Byron, by Sancho—Peri (pointer); March.

Mr. J. Bishop's w bk t d Burton, by Ranger II—Spinaway (setter); April 30.

Mr. J. Bishop's bk w b Dolly, by Mike—Kate (setter); Feb. 6.

Mr. W. Bishop's lem w b Daisy, by Bounce—Belle (pointer); Jan. 13.

Mr. W. Bishop's liv w d Dan, by Bounce—Belle (pointer); Jan. 13.

Mr. T. B. Bower's lem w d Duke IX, by Jock—Blue Belle, by Bandit (setter); June.

Mr. T. B. Bower's lem w b Duchess V, by Jock—Blue Belle (setter); June.

Mr. H. D. Brandeth's bk w d Dash, by Brackley—Mrs. G. Lowe's Rhoda (setter); April 14.

Mr. H. D. Brandeth's bk w b Princess, by Brackley—Mrs. G. Lowe's Rhoda (setter); April 14.

Mr. H. D. Brandeth's lem w b Cora, by Blue Prince—Min (setter); March 4.

Mr. G. Brewis' w bk t b Corrie, by owner's champion Dash II—Balsham, by champion Ranger (setter); March 10.

Mr. G. Brewis' w bk t b Vale, by Dash II—Balsham (setter); March 10.

Mr. G. Brewis' lem w d Strathie, by champion Ranger—Troll (setter); April 13.

Mr. G. Brewis' liv w d Jasper, by champion Roy—Mab (pointer); April 17.

Mr. G. Brewis' liv w b Dart, by Roy—Mab (pointer); April 17.

Lord Downes' liv w d Dick, by owner's Bang—Empson's Snake (pointer).

Lord Downes' liv w d Bounce, by Bang—Empson's Snake (pointer).

Lord Downes' liv w d Duke, by Dash III—Silk (setter).

Lord Downes' bk w d Rake, by Dash III—Silk (setter).

Lord Downes' liv w d Sam, by Dash III—Silk (setter).

Mr. Douglas Duncan's w bk t d Rollick II, by owner's champion Rollick—Bride, by Jet (son of Leicester) (setter); Feb. 22.

Mr. Douglas Duncan's w bk t d Royal IV, by owner's champion Rollick—owner's Flame, by Mr. Llewellin's champion Prince (setter); March 3.

Mr. C. S. Fauntleroy's bk w t d Penn, by champion Rock—Mr. Staples-Browne's Fussy, by Blue Prince—Rhoda (setter); Feb. 27.

Major G. Fernley's w bk d Ranger Rock, by Ranger II—Bess, by Frank (setter); May 10.

Major G. Fernley's bk w t b Ranger Di, by Ranger II—Bess (setter); May 10.

Mr. Barclay Field's bk w t d Duke, by Ranger II—owner's champion Daisy (setter); Jan. 14.

Mr. Barclay Field's bk w d Rock, by Ranger II—Daisy (setter); Jan. 14.

Mr. Barclay Field's bk w t b Romp, by Ranger II—Daisy (setter); Jan. 14.

Mr. Barclay Field's bk w d Ranger, by Ranger II—Spinaway (setter); April 30.

Mr. Barclay Field's bk w t b Flick, by Ranger II—Spinaway (setter); April 30.

Mr. Barclay Field's bk w t d Bruce, by Mr. Bowers's Blue Prince—Cora, by Old Dash—Moll (setter); May.

Mr. Barclay Field's liv w d Mars, by owner's Dick—Sall (pointer); Feb. 5.

Mr. Barclay Field's liv w d Beau, by owner's Dick—Sall (pointer); Feb. 5.

Mr. Barclay Field's liv w b Queen II, by owner's Dick—Queen (pointer); April 14.

Mr. Barclay Field's liv w b Pride, by owner's Riot—Romp (pointer); June 5.

Mr. Daintry Hollins' bd w b Heather Bell, by Cape—Pearl, by Mr. Bowers' Blue Prince—owner's Silk (setter); June 3.

Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's bd fk d Count Wind 'Em, by Count Dick—Phantom (setter); March 11.

Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's bd fk d Count Rake, by Count Dick—Phantom (setter); March 11.

Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's bk w b Countess Phantom, by Count Dick—Phantom (setter); March 11.

Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's liv w b Acme, by Sam—Countess Ada (setter); Feb. 22.

Mr. R. Ll. Llewellin's lem w d Lofty, by owner's champion Prince—Leda (setter); Feb. 17.

Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's lem w d Ling, by Prince—Leda (setter); Feb. 17.

Sir T. B. Lennard's liv w d Priam, by Mr. G. Lowe's Y. Bang—owner's Teal, by Lord Downe's Mars (pointer); April 25.

Sir T. B. Lennard's w liv d Scamp, by Y. Bang—Teel (pointer); April 25.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's bk w t d Barclay, by Mr. Barclay Field's Y. Duke—his Bess by Sergeant—Moll (setter); April.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's bk w tk d Barnet, by Brackley—Mrs. G. Lowe's Rhoda, by Mr. Llewellin's Dan (setter); April 14.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's bk w d Wag, by Brackley—Rhoda (setter); April 14.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liv w d Blue Boy, by Mr. Bower's Blue Prince Cora, by Old Blue Dash—Moll (setter); May.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's bk w t b Fatima, by Blue Prince—Cora (setter); May.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liv w b Birr, by Mr. S. Price's champion Bang—a bitch of Mr. S. Price's (pointer); April.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liv w b Blanche, by Bang—a bitch of Mr. S. Price's (pointer); April.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liv w b Bridget, by Bang—a bitch of Mr. S. Price's (pointer); April.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liv w d Bow, by Mr. S. Price's champion Bang—his Belle (pointer); April.

Mr. W. Lort's b Lass of Llanllugan, by Ranger II—Sister to Belfast (setter); March.

Mrs. G. Lowe's bk w t b Florry, by champion Rock—Fussy, by Blue Prince—owner's Rhoda (setter); Feb. 27

The Rev. J. C. Macdona's w liv b Lady Brown, by Belton—Magnet (bred in the United States by Mr. B. J. Brown (setter); July.

The Rev. J. C. Macdona's lem w d Marmion, by Brackley—Lady Ti, by Bayley's Victor (setter); May 7.

The Rev. J. C. Macdona's bk w d Merton, by Brackley—Mrs. G. Lowe's Rhoda (setter); April 14.

Mr. G. de Landre Macdona's w lem d Ranger III, by Ranger II—Cora (setter); March 8.

Mr. S. Nott's bk w fk b Blue Belle, by Mr. Dolling's Diamond (son of champion Rock)—owner's Gip, by Rector, son of Lord Waterpark's Rake (setter); Feb. 8.

Mr. S. Nott's bk w d Young Rock, by Diamond—Gip (setter); Feb. 8.

Mr. G. Pilkington's liv w b June, by owner's Major -Lord Sefton's Sal (pointer); May.

Mr. G. Pilkington's liv w d Judge, by the Duke of Westminster's Duke—Mr. Beckett's Blossom (pointer); May.

Mr G. Pilkington's liv w b Jaunty (own sister to Fancy), by Marquis—Jessie (pointer); April.

Mr. G. Pilkington's liv w b Justice, by Marquis—Jessie (pointer); April.

Major Platt's bk w fk b Dip, by Rhyl (son of Ranger)—Dolly (dam of Die) (setter); June 13.

Major Platt's bk w t d Darkie, by Rhyl—Dip (setter); June 13.

Mr. J. Platt's w lem t d Struggle, by Ryl—Minch (setter) April 4.

Mr. R. Lloyd Price's liv w b Morning Beauty, by Tragedy (son of Drake)—Venus, by Hamlet (pointer); Feb. 21.

Mr. R. Lloyd Price's liv w b Cythera, by Tragedy—Venus, (pointer); Feb. 21.

Mr. R. Lloyd Price's lem w d The Irrepressible Drake, by owner's champion Drake—Nimble Ninepence (pointer); March 3.

Mr. R. Lloyd Price's lem w d Dandie Drake, by Drake—Nimble Ninepence (pointer); March 28.

Mr. R. Lloyd Price's liv w b Placida, by Drake—Nimble Ninepence (pointer); March 30.

Mr. R. Lloyd Price's liv w b Gipsy Drake, by Drake—Nimble Ninepence (pointer) March 30.

Mr. R. Lloyd Price's liv w d Monk, by Mr. G. Moore's Brag—Moll (pointer); April 3.

Mr. Collin G. Ross's w lem b Ranger Reel, by Ranger II—Major Fernley's Bess (setter); May 10.

Mr. S. E. Shirley's w or b Breeze, by Mr. Dainty Hollin's Tory—Daisy, by Blue Prince—Cora (setter); Feb 14.

Mr. S. E. Shirley's bk w d Blue Rock, by champion Rock—Maud, by champion Ranger (setter); Jan. 18.

Mr. J. C. Todd's bk w t d Frantic, by Mr. Statter's Frolic—Mr. E. Bishop's Dumpsey (setter); April 14.

Mr. J. C. Todd's bk w t d Foam, by Frolic—Dumpsey (setter); April 14.

Mrs. J. C. Todd's bk w d Rocket, by champion Rock—Blue Princess (setter); March.

Prince Albert Solm's bd w b Duchess II, by champion Rock—Maud, by champion Ranger (setter); Jan. 18.

Mr. T. Webber's lem w d Frank, by Prince (son of Mr. Llewellin's champion Prince)—Bride, by Fred, IV (setter); May 16.

Mr. T. Webber's lem w b Flame II, by Mr. Duncan's Rollick—his Flame (setter); April 3.

Mr. T. Webber's lem w d Rock III, by Rock II—Bijou, by Bandit (setter); April 29.

Duke of Westminister's liv w d Jasper, by Tory—Judy (pointer); April.

Duke of Westminister's liv w b Kate, by Duke—Blossom (pointer); May.

Duke of Westminster's liv w b Minx, by Sam—Sharple's Judy (pointer); May.

Duke of Westminister's liv w b Moll, by Sam—Judy (pointer); May.

Mr. J. H. Whitehouse's lem w d Prince, by Trent—Lady Pearl (pointer); May.

Mr. J. H. Whitehouse's lem w d Stoke, by Trent—Lady Pearl (pointer); May.

Mr. J. H. Whitehouse's lem w d Wray, by Trent—Lady Pearl (pointer); May.

Mr. J. H. Whitehouse's lem w b Venus, by Trent—Lady Pearl (pointer); May.

Mr. J. H. Whitehouse's lem w b Fay, by Pax -Belle (pointer); Jan.

Mr. J. H. Whitehouse's lem w b Morna, by Trent—Lady Pearl (pointer).

The List of Premiums of the Boston Show.

The following is the list of premiums of the Boston, (Mass.,) bench show, which will be given by the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at the building in Central Court formerly occupied as the Aquarial Garden, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 26, 27, 28 and 29. The show will be held under the National American Kennel Club rules. As announced before, Mr. Charles Lincoln has been appointed superintendent. No dog belonging to any member of the Massachusetts Kennel Club will compete for a prize. All prizes are to be paid in gold coin. Winners of first prizes in sporting classes can have cups instead of coin if preferred. Entries close March 13. The special prize list is not yet ready, but soon will be, when it will be announced:

DIVISION I.—SPORTING DOGS.

CHAMPION CLASSES.

(For either native or imported dogs or bitches that have won first prize at Chicago, Baltimore, St. Louis and New York Shows.)

Class 1.—Champion English Setters.—For the best dog, prize valued at $50; for the best bitch, prize same value.

Class 2.—Champion Irish Setters.—For the best dog, prize valued at $50; for the best bitch, prize same value.

Class 3.—Champion Gordon Setters.—For the best dog, prize valued at $50; for the best bitch, prize same value.

Class 4.—Champion Pointers.—For the best dog, prize valued at $50; for the best bitch, prize same value.

(Judges in this class will be instructed not to discriminate with regard to weight.)

OPEN CLASSES.

Class 5.—Imported English Setters or their progeny of the first generation.—For the best dog, prize valued at $35; second best, $20. For the best bitch, prize valued at $35; second best, $20. For the best dog puppy, under 12 months of age, $10; for the best bitch puppy, under 12 months of age, $10.

Class 6.—Native English Setters.—For the best dog, prize valued at $35.00; second best, $20. For the best bitch, prize valued at $35; second best, $20. For the best dog puppy, under 12 months of age, $10; for the best bitch puppy, under 12 months of age, $10.

Class 7.—Imported red, or red and white Irish Setters, or their progeny of the first generation.—For the best dog, prize valued at $35; second best, $20. For the best bitch, prize valued at $35; second best, $20. For the best dog puppy, under 12 months of age, $10.

Class 8.—Native red, or red and white Setters, either Irish or cross-bred.—For the best dog, prize valued at $35; second best, $20. For the best bitch, prize valued at $35; second best, $20. For the best dog puppy, under 12 months of age, $10; for the best bitch puppy, under 12 months of age, $10.

Class 9.—Black and tan, or black, white and tan Gordon Setters, either native or imported.—For the best dog, prize valued at $35; second best, $20. For the best bitch, prize valued at $35; second best, $20. For the best dog puppy, over 6 and under 12 months of age, $10; for the best bitch puppy, over 6 and under 12 months of age, $10.

Class 10.—Pointers of fifty pounds weight or over.—For the best dog, prize valued at $35; second best, $20. For the best bitch, prize valued at $35; second best, $20.

Class 11.—Pointers under fifty pounds weight.—For best dog, prize valued at $35; second best, $20; for best bitch, prize valued at $35; second best, $20.

Class 12.—Pointer Puppies.—For best dog puppy, under 12 months of age, $10; for best bitch puppy, under 12 months of age, $10.

Class 13.—Chesapeake Bay Dogs.—For best dog, prize valued at $35; second best, $20; for best bitch, prize valued at $35; second best, $20.

(Judges in this class will be instructed not to discriminate with regard to length of coat.)

Class 14.—Irish Water Spaniels.—For the best dog or bitch, $20; second best, $10.

Class 15.—Clumber Spaniels.—For the best dog or bitch, $20; second best, $10.

Class 16.—Cocker Spaniels.—For the best dog or bitch, $20; second best, $10.

Class 17.—Field Spaniels of any other breed.—For the best dog or bitch, $20; second best, $10.

Class 18.—Foxhounds.—For best couple (dogs or bitches), $20; second best, $10.

Class 19.—Beagles.—For best dog or bitch, $15; second best, $10.

Class 20.—Dachshunds.—For best dog or bitch, $15; second best, $10.

Class 21.—Fox Terriers.—For best dog or bitch, $15; second best, $10.

Class 22.—Greyhounds.—For best dog or bitch, $15; second best, $10.

Class 23.—Scotch Deerhounds.—For best dog or bitch, $15; second best, $10.

DIVISION II.—NON-SPORTING DOGS.

Class 24.—Mastiffs.—For best dog or bitch, $20; second best, $10.

Class 25.—St. Bernards.—For best dog or bitch, $20; second best, $10.

Class 26.—Newfoundlands.—For best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 27.—Siberian or Ulm Dogs.—For best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 28.—Dalmatian or Coach Dogs.—For best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 29.—Shepherd Dogs or Collies.—For best dog, $15; second best, $10; for best bitch, 15; second best, $10.

Class 30.—Bull Dogs.—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 31.—Bull Terriers.—For best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 32.—Pugs.—For best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 33.—Black and tan Terriers.—(Exceeding eleven pounds in weight).—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 34.—Black and tan Terriers—(Not exceeding eleven pounds in weight).—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 35.—Skye Terriers.—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 36.—Scotch Terriers.—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 37.—Dandie Dinmont Terriers.—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 38.—Yorkshire Terriers.—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 39.—Toy Terriers.—Not exceeding five pounds weight.—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 40.—Blenheim, St. Charles, or Japanese Spaniels.—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 41.—Italian Greyhounds.—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 42.—Poodles.—For the best dog or bitch, $10; second best, $5.

Class 43.—Miscellaneous—Dogs or bitches.—The sum of $15 will be given, to be awarded at the judges' discretion, for breeds of dogs which have not been assigned special classes.

Class 44.—Trick Dogs.—For the best dog or bitch, $20; second best, $10. (This premium will be awarded by a committee appointed for the purpose, and after competitive exhibitions to be given on each afternoon and evening of the show.)

Exhibitors residing abroad may ship their dogs to the care of the Massachusetts Kennel Club. If for sale, a certificate from the American Consul at the port of shipment, that they are exported for breeding purposes, must accompany them. If to be returned, the Club will give a bond to the Custom House authorities.

Dash II.

This week we give a portrait of Dash II, the property of Mr. George Brewis. To our American readers Dash II possesses especial interest as being the grandson of Mr. Chas. H. Raymond's pure Laverack dog Pride of the Border, a dog whose name will ever be remembered both in America and England as being one of the best sires of his day.

With Mr. Llewellin's grand Laverack bitch Countess, a portrait of which appeared in our columns last March, and which we have the positive assurance was far superior and more life-like than the one of her which appeared in the London *Field*, "Stonehenge" has chosen Dash II to illustrate his new work: "The Dogs of the British Islands," the various articles comprising which have been published from time to time in the London *Field*, and in our own columns from advanced sheets of the same.

Of Dash II, "Stonehenge" says:

"This splendid setter is now three years old, and is own sister to Mr. Barclay Field's Daisy, with whom he won the prize for braces at Shrewsbury in 1876, and previous to this the second prize there in the Puppy Stakes of 1875. This year he has only once suffered defeat, namely, by Ranger at Shrewsbury, in a short trial of only ten minutes' duration, the latter dog having shown so high a form that the judges merely tried him again to see if he was steady behind, which a good point made by Dash II soon settled in his favor. Next week, however, at Horseheath, Dash turned the tables on the whilom champion, and in a long trial had much the best of the points, and, though inferior in pace to Mr. Macdona's flyer, exhibited a better nose. Dash also defeated successively at this meeting Mr. Pilkington's Fancy, a previous winner at Shrewsbury, Lord Downe's Dan, Ranger a second time in the Club Cup Stakes, and finally Mr. Bowen's Blue Belle III. He is, in our judgment, absolutely perfect in his head, neck, shoulders, and fore legs, but a little too spaniel-like in his middle, while there is a slight want of symmetry in his hind quarters, and his flag is too long and trailing in its carriage for our taste, being of the true Laverack type. He has a very sagacious look and a beautiful temperament, his eye watching his master, even on the point, which indication of the love of approbation is a most important consideration in estimating the value of a stud dog. We have only seen him in a short private trial, but, according to the account of our representative at Horse Heath, he proved himself to be A*1 in his public form."

The following is his pedigree as far as it can be made out on the side of his dam. Those of Blue Prince and Old Blue Dash will be found in the pedigree of Countess already given in the the CHICAGO FIELD of March 24:

Dash II.	Blue Prince (Laverack's)	Pride of Border	Dash II.
			Belle II.
		Nellie	Dash II.
			Moll III.
	Old Kate (Armstrong's)	Old Blue Dash (Laverack's)	Sting.
			Cora II.
		Kate (E. Armstrong's)	Duke (Sir F. Graham's)
			Bess.
			Slut (Sir V. Corbett's)
			Rollo (Sir F. Graham's).
			A pure Beaudesert bitch.

MR. HOLABIRD TO DOG-WHIP.—Valparaiso, Ind., Jan. 24, 1878. *Editor Chicago Field:*—I cannot discover any strong point to "Dog-Whip's" argument in your last number of the CHICAGO FIELD, and I beg to say that my conclusions were not jumped at. Since the publication of my little article on the Evil Results of In-breeding I have received very many letters from sportsmen, all testifying to the truth of the statement in their own experience; and why should not this in-breeding produce the same result in the canine family as in the human family? No one doubts for a moment the evil effects of inter-marriage; but without saying more on this point I hope to live long enough to prove my theory correct. Thanks to "Black Ned" for his sympathy.

I recently bought Daisy, litter sister to Sanborn's Nellie, by Belton, out of Dimple. I did think, for the sake of getting good prices for my pups, I would breed her to Leicester; but in order to prove my theory correct, I shall breed her to a native, provided I find one that has been well bred for at least six generations, sustaining a good reputation throughout for field qualities. I know of one Laverack setter, pure, that the boys at the Hampton trials will remember and Jack Hammon's saying that in the opinion of John Davidson he was good for nothing but to examine stumps, practically a worthless dog; and yesterday I heard of a pup, quite as worthless, bred from a famous champion dog and bitch. Now, what we want as sportsmen who love the field and excitement of the sport, is the best dog that can be bred, whether he be pure English, Irish, native or cross-bred, and let whosoever will produce him, and prove that he has really got the thing, and mark me, the boys will have that kind. Hon. J. V. LeMoyne, of Chicago, breeds some of the best dogs in America. I think he never sells any; and he has repeatedly told me that he would always cross the English or Irish with the native; and his dog Rick I believe to-day would give Nellie or Gladstone the closest scratch of any dog in America; and if I mistake not, Rick is English—native. I only wish Mr. LeM. would consent to my breeding Daisy to Rick. Well, "let the galled jade wince," and if I am in fault as to theory or in practice I'll acknowledge it. I propose to show at the St. Louis Show a bitch pup, Rob Roy—native, and three others, and I have as great a hope of carrying off some of the prizes in their class as I do of beating the Jew clothing men out of their trade.

W. H. HOLABIRD.

THE BEST BIRDS TO BREAK DOGS ON.—Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Under the above caption, two articles have recently appeared in your esteemed journal. Mr. Burges says, ruffed grouse, and "Black Ned" falls into line; "Dog-Whip" says quails. "Where doctors disagree," laymen are usually animated interrogation points.

"Straws show which way the wind blows," and by amassing these literary straws, stacks of evidence will be obtained, showing the value of any given theory in the estimation of the majority. Let us see if Mr. B.'s straws are practically as well as theoretically beautiful.

We ought to expect no more of a dog than of a man. When the young mind enters the field of mathematics, is he given a book of problems in Calculus having on the fly-leaf this inscription: "When proficient upon them is he fitted for all others? Surely not; but is taught that 3 plus 2 equals 5, etc. When the aspirant for physical culture enters a gymnasium, is he given a pair of 25 lb. clubs and told that "When proficient upon them, etc.?" Surely not; but is instructed to begin with light weights, lest "vaulting ambition o'erleap itself."

Mr. B. says truly: "Unquestionably, the ruffed grouse is, of all our game, the hardest bird for a dog to point." In hunting him, there must be no noise of shout and whistle, no anecdote with laugh-provoking finale, but cautiously beating forward with eyes and ears alert, and every nerve strung to its highest tension, knowing the next instant may afford a snap shot. Now, everyone of experience knows that the first few field days in a pup's education are the critical days; also that in covert shooting the dog must, of necessity, be sometimes hidden from view, hence in a measure unrestrained; and, good pedigree and health granted, he dashes forward with an impetuosity regulated by his strength and the density of the covert, flushing every grouse within fifty yards of him, and at times when to get a shot the hunter must "stand by the *flag*;" not being ubiquitous, it is difficult to stand there; and since to teach him the utility of his education, it is important to kill his first birds, these flushes often work irreparable injury.

With the quail in the open, how much more salutary in effect are his first lessons! Unembarrassed by covert, always under the eye and hand, and hence under control, lessons in patience and caution may be given, which teacher and pupil will seldom forget. With a strong trailing cord attached to his collar, put him down and let him "tack" agreeably to your motions. As soon as he sniffs the "tainted gale" and begins to draw on his game, walk upon the cord, thus checking any desire to rush in and flush. As you pass, he will probably draw again, but caution him to "steady," flush the game and *kill* your bird. Don't be in a hurry. Having dropped to shot insist on his remaining at charge until the shell is replaced by a cartridge, then order him to "fetch," which he will probably do to his own enjoyment and your satisfaction. After a few such lessons he may be taken into the covert to perfect him. I have shot North and South, and have yet to see a puppy stand ruffed grouse twice out of five opportunities.

The experience of the gentlemen above mentioned is undoubtedly much broader than my own; nevertheless I offer this "straw."

NAT.

MR. ADAMS TO DOG WHIP.—Boston, Mass., Jan. 28, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—"Dog Whip," in his article of your issue of Jan. 26, claims not only to have been the pioneer importer of that famous breed of dogs known as the Field Trial setter, but also says he thinks it quite likely but for himself the Field Trial setter would not to-day exist on this continent. I am quite willing "Dog Whip" should be well advertised, but I can't quite stand that statement.

The facts in the case are these: Dart was bred to Leicester in England, imported by "Dog Whip," and whelped in this country May 6, 1874. Dora, dam of Dart, was bred to Prince in England, imported by myself and whelped in this country May 22, 1874. Now, does "Dog Whip" or any one else suppose that Dart having arrived in this country a few days earlier than Dora had any influence on my bringing the latter bitch to this country? If they do it is a great mistake, for I did not have the honor of "Dog Whip's" acquaintance at that time, nor did I know of his importation of Dart until some months later, when we had a lively tilt to see who should own Rock; and it has always been a great gratification to me that I came out ahead and got the great champion; after which "Dog Whip" bought Leicester. Now, does the fact of Dart having arrived here only a few days ahead of Dora entitle "Dog Whip" to any great amount of glory? The fact is, we founded our kennels nearly simultaneously and neither one of us knowing what the other was doing.

I fully agree with "Dog Whip" in regard to the great superiority of the Field Trial breed of setters. After nearly four years' trial and a large field experience with them on nearly all kinds of game birds common to this country, and in a great variety of cover, I believe, take them all in all, they are the best breed of bird dogs in existence to-day; and I feel profoundly grateful to G. Teasdale Buckell, Esq., of Leicestershire, Eng., for having brought these dogs to public notice in this country by some very intelligent letters written by him to the *Turf, Field and Farm* prior to the importation of this breed of dogs to this country. Honor to whom honor is due; that is where I got my information, and I strongly suspect it is where "Dog Whip" got his also; and in all probability some others that imported fine dogs a little later.

LUTHER ADAMS.

MR. DILLEY TO MR. STERLING.—Lake City, Minn., Jan. 24, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Mr. Sterling in his communication of the 21st, moves the "previous question," and asks my views on the subject. Now let's see, what is the previous question, and what can be deduced from it? "Inasmuch as the dog has never competed in the champion class, he has no claim to the title." Competed is then the fulcrum upon which this enormous question rests. Has he competed? Most emphatically yes. Then according to Mr. Sterling, Jan. 8, 1st verse: "He must be champion; there can be no doubt that he has won first in an open class, or he could not, according to rule, compete in t champion. Then where "is the absurdity of calling him chai pion, because he has won first prize in the open class," and h competed in a champion class. This will also cover the grou whether "the errors pointed out have any bearing on the que tion." I don't presume to know, or have I any views wheth Sleaford is a champion or not. He may be one in disguise; th much I do know, he is one of *Sterling quality*. Now, as it is cu tomary, I must say that I am not in any way interested in hi (no pun intended), nor am I paid, or have any hopes of compe sation, and if any one else can make anything out of this (this intend for a pun) 'tis more than I can. And now, my dear Ste ling, if you don't schoost stop finding myself out, I will get son of "Kit Killbird's" ink, and—and borrow one of Burges' pen cultivate my brains, if I have any, and then tell you all I kno about "champions."

S. B. DILLEY.

Wonderful Dogs.

TALLY TWO FOR JET.—Marshalltown, Ia., Jan. 24, 1878.—*Ed tor Chicago Field:*—In the Fall of 1876, while hunting quai among the laurels of York Co., Penn., I came to a rail fenc Jet immediately jumped to the top rail and no sooner reached footing, than he came to a staunch point, as rigid as death; t rail cracked and gave way under his weight and settled down t second rail, but he never flinched; the noise flushed the quail h was on, after which he turned his head only, and pointed a larg grey squirrel perched on a branch over his head, and not until t bushy-tailed forester had been bagged would he come down. Agai near Chopin, this state, in September last, while "our friend, Abbott Will, with myself were riding along, Jet in the wagon, h suddenly jumped up and struck a point; the horses were stoppe and he told to go on. He jumped from the wagon, and the i stant he alighted to the ground he came to a dead stand and hel the position until we were all out, and then, one by one, did h bring up five nice, young chickens, all that were in the covey, an the first chickens he had ever seen.

JONES.

TALLY ONE FOR PRIDE.—Graddy's Landing, Ark., Jan. 2 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The notices of remarkable dog that appear in your paper warrant me in giving to the world on of the many intelligent performances of Pride of the Soutl Since his winnings at the Nashville field trials we have though that he deserved a good bed to sleep upon, so his mattress is la each night at the foot of my own, and no dog ever appreciated good thing more than he does that bed. The first night he cam to my bedside, and, in his peculiar way, asked to be let out. opened the door for him, and, not relishing the idea of gettin up again, left it open, with the intention of ordering him to shu it himself; a feat he had known for a long time. He returned and to order, shut the door, and was soon fast asleep upon hi bed. The next night, after letting him out, I fell off to slee before his return, and was soon startled by a report equal to ten-guage shot-gun, but awoke to find it was only Pride shuttin the door. Ever since he deliberately turns upon entering th room at night and closes the door behind without waiting to b told to do so.

P. H.

THE SANBORN-TURNER MATCH.—The following letter fron Mr. Sanborn in reply to Mr. Whitford was received too late fo publication last issue. We hope, and have reason to believe that eventually we shall have a match between Nellie an Thorstein, for each party feels confident:

BALTIMORE, BARRY CO., MICH., Jan. 21, 1878.

C. B. WHITFORD, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:*—I find your letter of 12t in last week's CHICAGO FIELD, by which I see you decline to ac cept my proposition for matching Nellie, but make an offer differing entirely in terms, time, place and conditions.

While I would be very glad to have the match come off, and to that end would be willing to waive considerable, yet you should know as well as any one that it would be rank injustice to Nellie to run her whep heavy with pup, and the time named by you will in all human probability be within two weeks of her whelping time.

I presume you did not think of this in naming the date, but you can readily see that if Nellie comes in use this month (as I stated in my former letter) she would of course be very heavy on the 11th of March, and it would be giving larger odds than I feel able to afford.

Under these circumstances I can not now entertain your proposition, but hope at no very distant day we may arrange for a satisfactory trial. Yours very truly, D. C. SANBORN.

THE ST. LOUIS BENCH SHOW.—St. Louis, Jan. 26, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Everything is progressing here very finely; the prospect is that we shall have an excellent show, but of course the more entries we receive the better will it be, and from the numerous inquiries received about railroad rates, I beg to enclose you a copy of them, thus far made, which it will be seen are very generous. Gladstone and Nellie, the field trial performers, will be here, but not for competition.

The St. Louis Kennel Club have very generously placed the use of their kennel at the disposal of the committee for any dogs that may arrive before the opening of the show; it is situated only two miles from the city limits. Mr. Whitford kindly promises to see after their welfare.

Mr. Dabney Carr, of this city, has been appointed manager of the department for the display of sportsmen's goods.

Mr. C. B. Whitford will take under his care all dogs that may be sent by express; he will be provided with competent attendants; this should insure us an extra number of dogs from a distance.

Please call the attention of your readers to the fact of the entries closing on Feb. 5. CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

Visits.

DAISY DEANS.—Mr. Jos. H. Dew's Daisy Deans to Mr. Higgins' Lincoln.

DOLLY.—Mr. S. B. Dilley's Dolly, the dam of champion Royal Fan, to his champion Ranger.

RHŒBE II.—ROYAL.—The Beaver Valley Kennel Club's Rhœbe II to the Field Trial setter dog Royal.

QUEEN BLANCHE—RAKE.—Mr. H. W. Fuller's (formerly Holabird's) Queen Blanche to Bergundthal's Rake.

BESS—YOUNG LAVERACK.—Theo. Morford's Bess, by Shipman's Joe, out of owner's Puss, to Young Laverack, by Laverack's Blue Prince, out of Raymond's Fairy.

Whelps.

DI.—F. Stevens' Di (Leicester—Dart) has whelped ten, by Rob Roy, six of which are bitches and four are dogs.

FAN.—John A. Skannel's (New Orleans, La.) red Irish-Gordon, Fan, (formerly Poyneer's) has whelped nine, sired by Burges' Rufus. Three have since died.

TOPSY'S LITTER.—The Beaver Valley Kennel Club reports the following sale: Native setter bitch puppy Frost to Paul S. Roberts, Natick, Mass.; a brace of Topsy's litter by Button, each to A. J. Bebout, Leetsdale, Pa., and Chas. Taylor, New Castle, Pa.

Chicago Field.

To the Trade.—News Dealers will be supplied with the CHICAGO FIELD through the Western News Co., to whom all orders should be sent.
Subscription Rates.—One year, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1; strictly in advance. United States postage free.
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NEW YORK OFFICE.—No. 33 Park Row, New York City.

. ROWE, (MOHAWK).....*Editor and Manager.*

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

THE SANFORD--ALLEN CASE.

The following is the charge to the jury of Judge Scudder, an eminent jurist, in the Supreme Court of New Jersey, Monmouth circuit, regarding the killing of Oberon, the setter dog belonging to Mr. E. S. Sanford, Jr., of New York, by Thomas Allen, in which the jury rendered a verdict of $300, as mentioned by us in a previous issue. The suit was brought in the name of Haight, who had the dog in charge to break at the time he was shot by Allen. Our thanks are due Mr. Sanford who obtained for us the charge in full from the court stenographer. We should have given it last week but that it reached us just as we were going to press. The charge will be read with pleasure by those who are owners of valuable dogs, and by all who believe in equity and justice, and consider that if a chicken which costs fifty cents is property a dog, which costs from fifty to five hundred dollars, certainly should be property also:

"This, gentlemen, is an interesting case, and perhaps novel in some particulars, but one that can be determined, I think, upon very well settled rules of law. Its novelty is in the application of some principles with which we are all quite familiar.

It is an action of trespass, for killing a black and tan setter in the month of July last. It is brought by Elias H. Haight. He was not the owner of the dog, but what is called in law the bailee, a person having the custody temporarily for a purpose, by an arrangement with the owner. In law he had a special property in this dog, and can maintain an action for its loss. He is accountable to the owner for the proper care and return of the animal to him, and if he recover in this action, the owner can maintain no further action against this defendant. The case is therefore before us for our consideration, substantially, as if the owner himself were suing.

The charge is, that the defendant, Thomas Allen, in the month of July last, shot this setter dog and killed him. The plea interposed by the defendant is that he is not guilty. He does not plead that he killed this dog for a legal and justifiable cause, but he denies the killing.

These pleadings raise several simple issues for your determination as questions of fact.

First, are you satisfied from the evidence in this cause that this dog was killed?

Mr. Haight, the plaintiff, took the dog in the neighborhood of the residence of this defendant; and while he was in a house the dog wandered off somewhere, so that when he came out he could not find him. In searching for him he heard that a dog had been shot at or near the house of this man Allen. A boy told him that he had heard a shot in that direction. He followed on to the place and made search for the dog. Since that time the dog has been missing. A collar has been produced in court, which is said to have been found on the body of a dog that was killed at Allen's that day. By the testimony it does not appear that that was the collar which was upon the missing dog. According to the testimony of Mr. Haight, that collar had upon it the name of the owner. The fact is proven that a dog was killed at that place on that day, by the defendant. Whether it was this dog or not is to be first determined by the jury upon the evidence. If this dog was killed at that time, the next question for the jury to determine is—Did Thomas Allen, the defendant, kill him? By his own evidence, gentlemen, given this morning, he admits that he did kill a dog, which he describes as "a brownish dog." Mr. Haight says that upon inquiry being made of him that day, he admitted having shot a black dog, as he then called it. Speaking generally, this is a substantial agreement with the description of the dog in question, as given to us by Mr. Haight and those most familiar with him. He was a black and tan dog, and a casual observer might describe him by either color. When Haight made inquiry of Allen, it was in his power to make it entirely certain whether the dog he killed was the one for which Haight was making search. He says that he had then buried the dog. He could easily have had it taken up and identified on the spot. But he evaded the question as to what had become of the dog and where it was to be found, and gave Mr. Haight no clue to its whereabouts. On the contrary, he misled and deceived him. In a matter of this kind, where property had been lost, it was his duty, when proper inquiry was made of him, to give a fair and candid answer; and if he practiced concealment and deception to mislead the question, it would be evidence of a guilty mind. Why did he not frankly state that he had killed the dog, and indicate where he had buried it, telling the circumstances, and leaving them to justify him?

The defendant, as I have said, has not pleaded justification; but there is evidence showing how the dog was there and what he was doing, and I shall consider that briefly, in order to determine whether, if the defendant did kill the dog for which Mr. Haight was in search, he was justified in killing him, because the pleadings may readily be framed, under the order of the court to determine that issue.

The dog was there certainly without any right. He was upon another man's land without invitation or permission, and not upon his owner's. But every trespass of a domestic animal upon another man's land does not give him the right to kill it. If it is doing damage the law gives him a remedy against the owner; but he has no right to shoot a horse, or a cow, or a dog, or any valuable domestic animal, merely because it is trespassing upon his land. A man might be justified in killing a dog if it was upon his premises destroying or even chasing or worrying his animals. For instance, it is said that this defendant kept a large number of chickens. If this dog had been chasing or destroying his chickens, he might have been justified in killing, and thus preventing him from doing any further damage of that kind.

There is a special authority given by our statute to kill dogs found trespassing, and that authority is given for the protection of sheep. Our statute exacts that:

"It shall be lawful for any person to kill any dog or bitch which may be found chasing, worrying or wounding any sheep or lamb."

And by another section the owner is made liable if he does not kill a dog that is found chasing, worrying or wounding them, after a notice of twenty-four hours.

This is an express statutory right given to kill under certain circumstances. But there is no evidence in this cause that this dog was worrying, chasing or wounding the defendant's sheep on his property. He says the dog was smelling about the ground where the sheep had been some time before, and that he had gone about twenty yards in the direction of the field where they then were; but he was not in the same field. A corn-field intervened between the field where they were and that in which the dog was shot, so that he certainly was not chasing or worrying them. In this case the defendant did not even call to the dog nor attempt to drive him off. According to his own evidence he took his gun and shot him, merely because he was smelling and looking in the direction of the sheep. That being so, there was no justification under the statute, because the dog was doing nothing that would bring him within the words of the act. Perhaps a single call or a word from the defendant would have attracted the dog to him or driven him away, and all this trouble would have been spared. He, however, took the responsibility of going to the house, getting his gun, and after snapping the first barrel, exploding the second and killing the dog.

The further question is started in this case whether an action is maintainable for killing a dog. I think it has been settled long since that such an action may be maintained. There may be value in a dog recognized by the law. A dog may have an intrinsic value for certain qualities which he possesses, like any other domestic animal. He may be valuable to his owner as a watch dog. He may, as in this case, be valuable to the owner as a hunting dog. And where human skill and labor have been spent upon a dog, and expense has been incurred by the owner to develop any natural qualities which he may have, and make him more useful for hunting, that dog has a value to his owner, who may recover damages if the dog be injured or killed.

If the jury are satisfied that this was the dog that was killed, and that the defendant killed him, the next question is, What was his value? The true measure of damage is the worth of the dog in the market, what he would bring to the owner, or what it would cost to replace him if he desired to have another dog of the same kind. The general rule of damages is, that a person may recover sufficient to compensate him for his loss, and an amount commensurate with the injury he has sustained. The owner would, therefore, be entitled to recover the fair market value of this dog, if he had a market value, and upon that point you have heard testimony.

Mr. Sandford, the owner of the dog, testifies that he had agreed to pay Mr. Haight fifty dollars, for the care, attention and skill which he has bestowed upon him in order to develop his natural qualities to make him a valuable hunting dog, and part of that amount had been paid. This dog is also said to have had a peculiar value on account of his breed. It is testified that he was a Gordon setter, and that this breed is known amongst sporting men as having a special value—not a mere fancy or matter of taste, but for intrinsic qualities that make them superior to ordinary setters. We have had some interesting testimony upon this question, from those who have particular knowledge on the subject; and it seems to me, gentlemen, that this is a proper matter to enter into the consideration of the value of a dog of this kind. If he had intrinsic qualities which made him more valuable for hunting or for breeding, it is a proper element for the consideration of the jury in estimating the damages and in determining the market value of this dog among those who buy and sell such animals.

It is claimed that in this action, and the facts of this case, there may be primitive, that is, exemplary, damages allowed—that you may not only give the proper market value of the dog, but something for the apparent maliciousness, which, it is alleged, the facts of this case show in killing the dog. The rule, however, is not to give primitive damages except where there is a clear proof of malice shown. In this case there does not appear to have been any malice against Mr. Haight, because there is no evidence that the defendant knew who was the owner of this dog when he killed him. He shot him merely because he found him as a strange dog on his premises; perhaps supposing that he had a legal right to do so. And it must be borne in mind that this dog was there not of right. If he had been following his owner along the road quietly, and the defendant, to spite the owner, had wantonly killed him, there might have been in that case evidence of malice, and that might be a proper case for primitive damages. So also if the defendant had gone upon the premises of Mr. Haight, and there deliberately killed this dog. But it is not necessary to decide this question, for here the owner had failed to keep the dog upon his own premises, and he was upon the land of Mr. Allen, where he had no right to be.

If any damages are given they ought to be only such as will compensate the owner for the loss sustained by him. The value of the dog has been variously stated by the witnesses from $150 to $300. You must determine from the testimony what damages, if any, the plaintiff is entitled to recover."

BENCH SHOWS.—In our kennel columns will be found the prize list of the Boston show, which will be sure to be a grand success, for, with the men managing it, who constitute the Massachusetts Kennel Club, under whose auspices it will be held, it can't be otherwise.

The entries for the St. Louis show close positively Feb. 5. Now is the time for the champions to come together and see which is the champion in their respective classes.

THE MICHIGAN STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—This association will hold its annual meeting, our Michigan readers will bear in mind, at Battle Creek, Tuesday and Wednesday next, the 5th and 6th inst.

COUNT SHORB.—Count Shorb paid us a visit, on his way to Salt Lake City; while there he will be happy to receive subscriptions for the CHICAGO FIELD.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.—Our Bachelors has had a most successful run of two weeks and is on Monday next to be succeeded by the Max Strakosch Grand Italian and English Opera Company, in which are Miss Kellogg, Miss Annie Louise Cary, and M'lle Maria Roze, who will be supported by Miss Annie Montague, Miss Lancaster, Tom Karl, Graff, Verdi, Cauffman, Conly and Gottschalk. Il Trovatore, La Favorita, Faust, Aida, and Don Giovanni will be produced.

MCVICKER'S THEATRE.—All the Rage has had a most successful run of two weeks at McVicker's theatre. Messrs. Dillon, Rolland Reed, and Pearson kept the audience in constant roars of laughter, and McVicker, who is a great favorite did as well as usual. Mr. Lee both looked and acted his part well. Miss Laura Don looked even prettier than usual, was, as she always is, good. Mr. Eaton, the dramatic critic of the *Times*, is to be congratulated on his happy hit. On Monday next, the fourth Baby, which had such a successful run in New York, will be produced with a powerful cast.

HAVERLEY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Milton Nobles in the blood and thunder drama of "The Phœnix; or the Living Dead," has been drawing crowded houses. Next week the McKee Rankin Combination with the Danites will return to this house for two weeks. When last here the crowds were so great each night as absolutely not to have standing room.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1878.

Michigan State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Battle Creek, February 5 and 6.
New Hampshire State Sportsmen's League, Manchester, April 2.
New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Buffalo, May —.
Connecticut State Sportsmen's Association, Hartford, May 15.
Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Des Moines, May 28.
Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, Fremont, May —.
National Sportsmen's Association, Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 11.
Illinois St te Sportsmen's Association, Quincy, June 11.
The Pennsylvania State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish—Wilkesbarre, June 11.
Ohio State Sportsmen's Association, Cincinnati, June 15.
Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association, Nashville, Dec. 2.
Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Association.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of President.
Missouri State Sportsmen's Association.

[Written expressly for the CHICAGO FIELD.]

BUCK, BEAR AND BUFFALO;

OR,

Hunting from Lakes to Ocean.

BY MNEMOSYNE,

Author of "The One-Armed Trapper;" "The Home of the Bear;" "The Caribou Hunter;" "In Prairie and Woodland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

BOUND FOR RED RIVER.

"Ay, this is freedom!—these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
In pastures measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls before my aim."—BRYANT.

"Yes, it was a narrow escape," said Mart Lester, touching a still livid scar upon his forehead and running his fingers through a furrow in his hair that had been ploughed by a bullet, "and the miscreant intended death. But, in the words of the immortal, 'I still live,' and presume my scalp must be reserved to dangle upon some redskin's shield, and my hair to fringe the dirty leggins of some brave. Ugh! 'To what base uses may we come at last,' as Bill Shakespeare remarks of the great Alexander."

"But we are far removed from such danger now," answered Charley Ronalds. "If, however, we ever return, I intend to make that would-be murderer understand that there are such things as law and ropes. It was a cowardly shot, a mean attempt at revenge, and all for a few valueless quail."

"And made me quail for a time! No matter, I'm all right again, and ready for a hunt, dance or frolic of any kind, thanks, no doubt, to my thick scull."

"And it will be a rare story to tell somebody."

"With embellishments—ahem! And she 'will love me for the dangers that I have passed,' and so forth, as *in re* Othello and the fair Desdemona."

They were lounging about their tent and camp-fire far up the mighty "Father of Waters." Wagon, horses and unnecessary traps had been speedily disposed of and transportation found to St. Paul—were resting a few days before cutting entirely loose from civilization and adopting the life of the true-named hunter.

St. Paul was not then the city of to-day—was yet in its infancy. Its streets were picturesque with the dwellers of the far wilderness. Ox teams, ponies, dogs of wolfish look and nature, and their masters, the Pembinese and Selkirkers, were to be met with at every turn, along with the *Courier du Bois*, the *gens libres* and the *Bois Brule*. Uncultured and unlettered they might be, but graceful in carriage, free and firm of step, clad in blue coats, glittering with an abundance of buttons, the most crimson of sashes, loose trousers of corduroy, or buck, or buffalo skin and moccasins, combining the civilized and the savage, and the connecting link between the two.

Every shade of color could be seen from white to tawny, every phase of the admixture of caucasian and savage blood, and a strangely commingled jargon of language came to the ear of French, English, Cree, Ojibewa, that of the Emerald Isle and the "Vaterland."

For a little time the hunters enjoyed the strange scene into which they had suddenly been thrown, and Mickey reveled in the music and dancing when the "ships of the desert" were unloaded and the "prairie sailors" gave unlimited license to fun to compensate for the many weary miles of travel. And more than one "schrimage" he escaped by the keenness of his wit, and of a verity by the "skin of his teeth," after being too attentive to some quilt-bedecked Indian maiden or *Bois Brule* damsel that was already the love or wife of another.

But the long unheard of fiddle appeared to put such life into his very heels that remaining quiet was out of the question, and natural gallantry and love for the fair sex threatened to put an end to the dominion of the rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed and yellow-haired Kathleen.

The rest of the party kept aloof from what was, in more than name, intoxicating pleasures. Bright eyes had already cased their hearts in armor impenetrable to the savage spears of Cupid, and they remained proof against temptation, and a few days of looking on satisfied and made them restless and anxious to still farther leave behind everything that in the least reminded them of civilization.

To that end they made friends of an aged Burnt Wood*—a captain of one of the trains that came hither, laden with furs, and arranged to return with him to his home and make ready for the Fall hunt now pressing. Not that they intended to be confined with or by the rules of the buffalo hunters, but when the proper ground was reached, to branch off for themselves, for, as Mart enthusiastically exclaimed, "No pent up Utica should contract their powers, but the whole boundless continent be—theirs!"

Acting under his advice, ponies and outfit were purchased, and proper supplies laid in. But there was one thing that troubled them—it was parting with their loved and faithful dogs, and it required all the eloquence of the old man to convince them that they would not only be in the way, but liable to fall victims to some of the savage beasts with which they would be surrounded, and, as Mickey put it, "a pointer wouldn't set well on their stomachs."

"Shure, an' it's jist loike partin' wid frinds," he continued, "and divil a bether will we foind," and he embraced each by turn, and tears stood in his eyes when he at last ran away to get out of hearing of their pleadings to follow.

To the country between the Red and Assinaboine rivers was a long journey, and not without the spice of danger, for the red

* *Bois Brules*, "Burnt Woods," so called from their peculiar complexion and the offspring of the *Couriers du Bois* and their Indian wives.

an was jealous (as he might well be) of those who killed game n such large quantities, and not unfrequently swooped down pon the encampment at midnight, stampeded the horses and attle, and retreating swiftly to the woods, made them ring with avage shouts of victory, and indulged in a loathsome carnival of luttony.

Every night the carts were "corraled"—a circle made of the eavy wooden contrivances, with the shafs turned outward and he tents within upon one side and the stock at the other; and ach had to share the watch and be governed by the strict rules. n this, safety alone consisted, for a straggler would be "scooped p" without any tenderness of heart by the ever-watchful Yankns, and the wolf howled over many a scalpless body, and the hite bones of many a weather-bleached skeleton told the sad ale of murder done.

And yet it was very hard to keep Mickey within bounds or near he line of march. Upon a wild, fleet brute of an Indian pony e dashed hither and thither upon tours of investigation and vain ttempts to run down and capture a prairie dog for a pet, and at st declared his intention to dig one out.

The old "Burnt Wood" laughed a quiet laugh, knowing how ttle such a venture would be rewarded with success, and said, in he peculiar *patois* of his race:

"You find someting at de bottom more den you be seek for."

"Would I?" exclaimed Mickey, with his eyes dancing in anticiation. "Faith an' thin I'm just the chap to be afthur the dig-in'. P'raps it am there the ould skunks ov Injuns hide their ould and valuables? An' would they be afthur lettin' me kape l I found?"

He was assured there would be no attempt to deprive him, and sked anxiously:

"Fhwat would I be afthur findin'?"

"Dare be von rattlesnake and von owl."

"Be the bones ov Saint Patrick, an' it's not truth ye are tellin'. naix an' owls in the same hole wid cunnin' leetle squirrils? hat bangs ould Bangsther!"

It required the positive assurance of the rest of the company to onvince him that such a strange partnership in nature did in ality exist—one so unaccountable as scarcely to be credited, and was no wonder he questioned:

"An' the snaix must ate the leetle prairer doggies, an' the oggies the owls, but fwhat the divil ates the snaix?"

Once, however, convinced of the fact, nothing could have mpted him to attempt the task (a hapless one had he but nown how winding the runways and how many the outlets) by gging, all the fabled gold of California might have laid in a ngle nugget at the bottom without any danger of molestation om him. Like the majority of his countrymen, he had the ildest fear of every species of serpent, and a "boar constructor" s he called it) was little if any more terrible than the harmless riped snake the school boys seize by the tail and using as whip shes, snap their heads off. But he soon found other "divarsuns" with which to amuse himself and keep the camp in a rmoil.

Yet, save an occasional scare from Indians, the journey proeeded without interruption or incident of interest until they sched the homes of their friends. But they could not restrain eir impatience sufficient to await the moving of so large a body, d determined to "go it on their own hook."

The old *Bois Brule* shook his head. Years of experience had ught him that in numbers lay safety—that feeble bands were ooped down upon by the red human vultures of the prairie, and ver a trace found save it might be dismembered bones of lintered skull. Still, he did not deny that extreme watchfulss might guard against such an accident, or that the Indians, ent upon securing their own share of robes and meat against e rigors of Winter, might permit them to pass unmolested.

Against the theory of danger, Mart in particular, strongly, and th a considerable show of reason, protested.

"How is it," he asked, "that even single trappers follow their ling for years with so little danger to their scalps?"

"Some ob dem," was the answer, "hab squaws in ebery tribe, d all ob dem be wood-wise. But you be no better den a leetle lle."

"True," interposed Dick Thomas, "but that can be remedied, a great measure at least, by employing a brave and skillful ide. Do you know of such an one?"

"*Oui, vraiment.*"

"And he can be engaged?"

"*C'est possible.*"

When puzzled, he always spoke in what might have been called mother tongue, though in ordinary conversation he used ken English, especially with strangers, who were presumed to derstand no other. Great, therefore, was his delight when he answered in the same language, and he continued more glibly ive the desired information.

A noted hunter was in the vicinity and could be engaged. A would be sent for him, and as it was the last night they ld remain among their kind friends, a feast and dance was ugurated, and the heart of many a Bois-Brule maiden beat e rapidly than usual as she was whirled round in the dance by handsome young hunters, and sighed to think they would ve on the morrow to be seen by her nevermore.

ate in retiring they were also late in rising. Spirits (in per bounds) had not been wanting to give spirits to the affair. music had been, if not strictly artistic, truly inspiring; the ht-eyed damsels had thrown themselves into the dance with a t charming *insouciance*, and, as Mickey remarked, "an' it had bin fer a swate little darlint beyant," it was more than pose that they might have become enamored of the freedom and lessness of the wildwood life, and turning their backs upon lization have taken a dusky maiden for wife, and settling d the grand scenes of nature, have reared their semi-savage od.

Womanhood is the same everywhere. Alike in city and wilness, they have a heart to love and an eye to appreciate the tiful, and "Burnt Wood" girls were no exception; and bright rs and the taste interwoven in their blood from French parge caused them to dress in a manner at once picturesque attractive. And—it could not have been denied—the very dom from conventionalities, the warm welcome, the warm re of caresses gave a spicy zest that could never have been where fashion, and oftentimes foolish etiquette, rules.

o wonder the revel was kept up (in dreams) until the morndawned, and was it any sin against the loves at home that kisses stolen (and repaid with almost tropical passion) should r long after the fiddle was silent and the lights extinguished? Mickey most certainly such ravishing dreams came. Even s slumbers his arms were clasped, as if imprisoning some ming maiden, and he hummed with intense gusto from one s favorites songs:

> "Shure, the ghosts would depart,
> An' ye'd me nare yer heart."

en chancing to open his eyes he saw something that made tart and exclaim in astonishment:

n' who the divil be's you?"

s loud challenge awakened all, and instantly (for the time at all recollection of black diamond eyes, lovely forms and ling feet and merry music were banished.

"You keep er good watch!" said a deep voice. "Wal, yer not on thar perarer whar ther red-skinned wolves steal inter camp ter kill and fatten upon blood!"

A strange man, strangely attired, had pulled aside the canvas door of the tent, and stood gazing intently upon them; a man of marked figure and face, and the first thought of Mart Lester was that (as in his boyish days) he was visiting the "old Bowery," and the muscular representative of Metamora had stalked upon the stage and given utterance to the lines:

"You have sent for me and I have come."

And although not any "big injun" the words were true. The new comer was the famous scout and guide they hoped to engage, and in obedience to their summons he had appeared.

He was of stalwart proportions and evidently immense muscles—stood in his moccasins over six feet, and had great breadth of shoulder, depth of chest and length of arm. His eye was of the peculiar steel-greyish blue that marks the successful shot; his nose strongly Roman; the hair tawny and slightly threaded about the temples with silver, as were also the closely-curling beard and moustache; the lips and chin denoting firmness and scorn of danger; the face frank, and the once fair skin tanned by exposure to sun and wind, and stamped with the lines of many a trial.

His dress, not ungracefully worn, was hybrid—a cross between the civilized and savage. It consisted of hunting shirt and trowsers of well-worn, carefully-tanned buskskin, faced and corded with blue army cloth, the latter fringed upon the outer seams with the same. He wore the inevitable sash, and his heavy hair was covered with a half-sombrero, half-cap, made from the skin of the gaunt, grey timber wolf and ornamented with the tail, pendant behind.

For arms he carried a rifle of unusual length and weight, with knife, revolvers and hatchet in a broad, quill-and-bead-decorated belt—the loving gift of some daughter of the nomads of the plains.

"You must be," said Dick Thomas, being the first to recover from the stupidity of slumber and surprise, "the guide we expected?"

"Yes."

The answer was curt, almost brusque, and it shadowed that he was but little pleased with the company he was expected to guide through countless dangers—that he looked upon them as boys, and their fanciful "shooting irons" as toys. He had yet to learn of a breech-loading Remington or Sharp.

An engagement where both parties are willing—one from motives of interest and the other from the temptation of the golden lure that was fatal even to the virtue of a Danae—is not long in being consummated. And under his direction the preparations for departure progressed rapidly, he ruthlessly cutting down what had been deemed necessary articles to the very minimum, to the great regret of Mickey, who vowed he intended they should "starve jist an' be cussed till him." But he took good care his grumbling should not be heard by the frontiersman, whom he feared with a wholesome dread, it being whispered in his ear that he would think no more of killing an enemy than he would a wolf, and that had he saved the scalps of the Indians he had killed they would have been sufficient in number to cover a tent!

A busy day followed the arrival of the guide. Very much that had been done had to be undone, and the entire programme changed. So night came before they were ready, and another fandango had to be gone through, and one at least of the party when summoned to "saddle up" in the grey light of morning was far from being in good humor, and growled:

"Tare an' ages! an' it's the hair ov me pulls as if a dozen injuns had hould ov ach wan, and all pullin' different ways."

"A hair of the same dog will cure the bite," said Mart sympathetically, handing him a bottle.

A hearty pull at it soothed the ruffled feelings, and mounting his pony the Irishman dashed away, whooping loud and fierce enough to have put in flight an entire tribe of Comanches.

The guide looked at him, first in a disgusted and then amused manner, and said in his usual quiet, almost stolid fashion:

"Ef that Irisher doesn't mind, some outlyin' brave will lift his har for him."

"Never fear," answered Mart, "a fool for luck, you know."

At length, despite kicking pack-mules and vicious ponies, a fair start was made. The last farewells were uttered, the last tokens of remembrance exchanged. There would be some trinkets of ultra-civilized life that would glitter in the wilderness—some semi-savage bosoms that would be brave with jewelry of dainty manufacture, and some gaudily worked belts and pouches and moccasins carried away that would, in subsequent years, cause a sigh of regret for the bronzed beauties left behind "to waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Of their destination, the hunters knew little save generalities. They were going to hunt buffalo, *primus* and *secundus*, and any large game that came in the way—bound for the buffalo ranges upon the Cheyenne and it might be the more distant Saskatchewan.

"Yer never kin tell," said the guide, when questioned, "war night may find yer. I've thought before now, of goin' in the Fall ter Saint Louis with my peltries, and havin' er good time, and laid all Winter in er mis'rable leetle dug-out or gopher, fightin' ter save my scalp from ther red rkins, and my bones from ther wolves."

"You don't catch me doing that," replied Charley. "With the first snow I'm off for Texas, or the orange groves of Florida. But you spoke of living all Winter in a dug-out or a gopher. The one I believe is a boat, and the other an animal."

The guide laughed, as if the idea tickled him very much—as if the ignorance displayed was astonishing. Then he explained in his concise way. "Er dug-out, or raw-hide or gopher, am er hole dug in ther perarer or side of a bluff, and sometimes kivered with sod, and sometimes with skins."

"Ah! I understand, and Mickey would be rejoiced to see one again, they would put him so much in mind 'ov the ould sod,'" laughed Mart.

No game was seen that day. Their kind friends among the Bois Brule had overstocked them with provisions, and besides they were pressed for time. To get the cream of the hunting they must be in advance of both the red and white seekers after robes. Besides, they were not "broken in" to the precision of camp life—the novelty had to wear off, and they to learn that the anticipated pleasure contained in it very much of hardship and duty.

To the end of being the first where the wild bison congregated they pressed forward, though early going into camp, and when everything was finished to the satisfaction of the guide, and they stretched themselves before the fire, pipe in mouth, they talked more concisely of the future.

"It requires er stiddy hand and er cool head and er sharp eye," said the guide, "ter hunt buffaler, and ef yer chance ter git thrown by yer hoss steppin' inter a gopher or wolf's hole, and er old bull am near yer—"

"Might as well be prepared to pass in your checks," suggested Mart.

The discussion was cut short by the command of the guide to "turn in," so as to be ready to relieve guard and make an early start, and all obeyed. But Dick lingered for a moment to say:

"In all the excitement since you came among us, we have forgotten to ask your name. 'Guide' would answer, of course, but it would be best to know what to correctly call you."

"Ther red skins have named me Moanahonga, 'ther great walker,' but at ther forts and ermong ther old trappers and hunters, I'm called 'Red River Hank.' Good night. I'll keep ther fust guard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cheap Breech-Loaders.

BY DECAPPER.

In the CHICAGO FIELD of Jan. 19, reappears (for the substance of the same article has appeared before) "Recapper's" views on cheap breech-loaders, written, he says, solely for the benefit of his young brother sportsmen (to verdant sportsmen would have been better), and because he has had, as he says, facilities for knowing whereof he writes.

His article, one of caution to his "young brother sportsmen" in selecting a gun to "avoid all great establishments which make for the trade," is devoted in the first part to a tirade against English guns, and a computation of their cost, laid down here in America, his figures being inaccurately high (but, of course, the higher the cost can be got the better for his argument,) while the last part is devoted to praise of American guns and advice to the "young brother sportsmen," if wishing a gun not over $150, (well knowing that the demand is almost entirely under this price) always to select an American gun. How impartial!

I have no right to question "Recapper's" kind intentions, but the article reads quite one-sided surely, and full of certain intent. "Recapper" tells us he has learned this by practical experience, and knows whereof he writes; but why don't you give us correct figures, "Recapper," and fair comparisons? "B. R. B.," in the last issue of another journal, says, "My advice to 'Recapper' is to visit the gun manufactories of Europe before criticising trade guns;" and I second the motion, for the information he presents is far from correct, and he does not seem to have had the extraordinary facilities he claims.

He says on a gun made for the trade and costing, in England, $100, the consul's fees, shipping charges, etc., are $12, and the duty $45, making the gun cost in New York $157 gold, then the dealer adds enough to carry the figure up to $200 for his selling price. This is a capital computation—a high-horse and wholesale computation, and one serving the purpose of the article splendidly! But, "Recapper," your figures are wrong, hence, the young brother sportsman must take your deductions and knowledge *cum grano salis*.

Consul's fees on an invoice of a dozen guns are only $2.50! Shipping charges on a case of a dozen guns are $2; freight on one gun, $2.50 to $3, making a total of $7.50! "Recapper" says $12. Duty on a $100 gun is $35. "Recapper" says $45. Then "Recapper" allows a profit of fifteen per cent., which the dealer charges in addition. Do you know, my dear "Recapper," that the principal American guns give a commission of twenty-five per cent., and some more to the trade? So don't make a point of the profits charged on English guns.

Then let us look at the cost of manufacture. You represent that duty, consul's fees, freight, etc., have to be paid on English guns. Well, that is correct. But where do the American guns get their barrels, ribs, actions, etc., etc.? They are imported and the duties and charges have to be paid on them, and too, at a higher rate. A gun *complete* pays a duty of thirty-five per cent. *Parts* of guns, not made up, pay a duty of forty-five per cent. Here is an advantage at once to the English gun of ten per cent. gold, and all know the low price of labor in England and the high price here; a gun can be made in England cheaper than the same quality here; as if imported in parts ten per cent. more gold has to be paid and labor is double what it is in England. Hence, to meet these two extras, the quality of material is cut down, and you do not get as good barrels in a gun made here as if made on the other side. Go into any store and lay an American $50 breech-loader by the side of an English $50 or $40 gun, and see which has the best barrels.

I fully agree that there are plenty of imported guns in the market of poor value, in fact, trash, and there always has been in muzzle-loaders as well; but to give the impression that a good English breech-loader cannot be bought here under $150—I mean not the finest but a gun of good value—is to give a wrong impression. A good English breech-loader can be bought for $100, and for $75, plenty of them, guns of good strong action, well bolted and of good quality and shooting powers.

"Recapper" then says, "the maker for the trade will then turn out a sample gun that looks all right, and on the strength of that one gun he sells through dealers a hundred that are not as good." He does not say *some* makers do this, but gives it as the rule; in fact, a charge that English manufacturers, *as a whole*, practice this deceit, and dealers as a *whole* practice the same by selling such. He makes no exceptions, but cautions his "young brother sportsmen" against all guns made by wholesale manufacturers who furnish the trade, and in this class are Westely Richards, Purdey, Scott, Williams & Powell, Webley, and many others, who have earned their high reputations by first-class, honest and conscientious good work, and do not allow bad work to go out, yet under "Recapper's" ban they are to be avoided as deceivers. All above names make for the trade, and all (Purdey perhaps, excepted, who makes guns of only high finish), furnish good guns which are sold here under $150, at $100 and $125, and some at $75 and $85. Look around then for yourselves, "young sportsmen," remembering that you can buy above noted guns at these prices, and decide for yourselves, and you will find that this advice of "Recapper's," instead of benefiting, is more apt to mislead you.

Here is another unfair comparison: He says, a good gun can be built in England for $100, and that he has shown by his figures that this very gun is sold here as a fine gun for $200, and that when such a gun is compared with a gun costing $200 in England, the difference is seen, and the one who bought the gun here for $200 thinks he has been swindled. Hence, he says the remedy is to buy direct from the maker; that is, get the $200 gun in England, which will be finer than the one costing $200 here, as this latter is only $100 in England. But "Recapper," how are you going to get the gun home? Do you advise smuggling? If not, the $200 gun in England ordered direct of the maker will have to pay duty, and when it gets here to compare with the $200 gun you brought here, it will not be a $200, but having duties added, it will be a $270 gun! To make a striking illustration, you take a $100 gun, add duties, etc., and compare it in price with a $200 gun *without* duties. I should not feel swindled with so poor a comparison. Also, what is saved by ordering direct from the maker? The same duty has to be paid as if ordered through a dealer, and the amount of the dealer's profit would be likely more than added by the maker if ordered direct, as a retail order for one gun would not receive the same price as given to the trade.

In conclusion then, *good* English breech-loaders *can* be found here at moderate prices, and at about one-half the price which "Recapper" sets as the limit. Good American guns can also be bought, but the cost is about the same as English guns, owing to the importation of their parts, which pay even higher rate duty

than entire finished foreign guns. The duty on a finished gun is, I know, more in amount than the duty on some parts (in American guns the stocks can be furnished here), but this difference is fully offset by the higher *rate* (10 per cent.) of duty and the higher price of labor. Do, then, "Recapper," in other articles, where, as in this, you *know* whereof you write, owing to great facilities, etc., get more accurate figures, and not so unfair and faulty comparisons. If, as must be the conclusion of every reader of your article, your purpose is to decry the purchase of English guns, and to recommend American make, come right out and tell your "young brother sportsmen" what make you are wishing to further the interests of.

Excuse, Mr. Editor, my long document, I'll not take your time or space again, as I desire no newspaper controversy, but like to see fair play and consistency. "Recapper" advises his friends not to buy of makers who furnish the trade, and in the same breath advises them to purchase American made guns. How many of the American makers, "Recapper," don't furnish the trade? Consistency, thou art a jewel!

Washington Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 23, 1878.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Four zealous duck hunters started one night to slay all the water fowl that might happen to be on the Potomac river. Blood was in their eyes, and their impatience would not admit of waiting for the morning boat, so they chartered a sail boat, packed on board their equipments and stores and set forth. The wind was fair at starting, the night was cold and they built a fire in a stove in the cabin. This cabin was small, and could only be entered by stooping. Two bunks were on either side, narrow and short, so that the position in lying was at best a very trying one. The stove drew well, and in attempting to close the draft the iron plate was tilted into the fire. It was cold outside, but that cabin grew "remarkably hot," and the only hope left was that the wood would soon give out. Somehow that stove failed to cool as the wood burned out, and the shooters began to fear that the boat would catch fire. The cabin was soon deserted, and warm places sought in its shelter outside. Sail-boats are not always certain even when the wind blows, but when a calm occurs it is slow moving. The wind left then and they were obliged to help pole the boat to their landing place. Sleep was out of the question, and after a very slow ride, and just as morning was breaking, they reached the landing where they were going to enter upon their slaughter.

One consoling thing was a hot breakfast of fried ham and eggs, and a real good cup of coffee, served by Mr. H., at whose place they were to stop.

In the mouth of the creek near here, a blind had been erected, and on the far side, on a point projecting out into the water another had been built. William, the colored man, set the decoys for them, and put two men in each blind, with injunctions to lay low and keep a sharp look-out. This day did not seem to be a good one for ducks, and the shooters grew tired waiting. The men in the water blind were cramped and cold, and stamped around in the blind to get warm. After patiently waiting until dinner-time with not a shot they agreed to give it up. William had promised to take them off in time for dinner, and they saw him turning a bend in the river. Just at this time William saw a crippler and thought he'd bag it for them. His shot at it made the four men forget all about cold, and they begged him to come and take them in. The duck dived just as he fired and soon came up to get a breath of air. He shot again, with no better success, and now the *blind men* were wild. They made all kinds of offers to him, not one of which he could hear, and one party almost fell overboard in his anxiety to be in the boat. One of the shore men fired off his gun to attract attention, and then waved his hat for William to come for them. He gave up the crippler and pulled for them, taking in first the men in the water blind and then those on the shore. Front seats were in demand in that boat and each party wanted them, but the first couple in the boat held their position. Meanwhile the crippler had been making steady progress for the other side, and the boat gave chase. As they pulled rather faster than he could swim they were not long in overtaking him. The bow party were ready for a shot, but before they could fire he dived. They waited his appearance and cracked away when he came up, but he had had a taste of that kind of medicine, and got out of the way. They were surprised when they found he was not dead, and having inserted new shells were ready again. All parties cracked away at him every time he made an appearance, until the reports on the river sounded like the Fourth of July. It would take up too much space to tell the efforts made to kill this poor duck. He was tired out at last, and William knocked him over with the paddle. William says confidentially, that any of the gentlemen might have had it if he had asked for it, but one shooter insisted on his taking two half-dollars, and he put the duck into that man's pocket.

This duck hunt will last them for many days. It has already cost them a good supper, at which your correspondent was given the history herein recorded.

You can inform your reders that a new variety of duck has been discovered, called the "*crippler*." Herein is another source of fun for us. One of the party, Mr. Verdant Green, did not see the application of crippler to a wounded duck, but gave it as the name of a variety. To make his face flush, we ask him if cripplers are natives of these waters.

I have already spun this tale to greater length than I intended and will close. The duck hunters, known as the "Zealous four," will be very amiable when they see their adventures in print.

JACK SNIPE.

How Old Ball Face was at Last Killed.

PLEASANT GROVE, Minn., Jan. 28, 1878.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Now I have a yarn to tell you about a short hunt that I had. It will be quite lengthy, to give you all the particulars, but, nevertheless, I will in my peculiar manner. The last of October I had all things fixed for a general hunt, up north. We had a camping outfit ready to start as soon as the weather and roads became settled, but such a time did not come and we waited to the last week of the hunting season. A snow at last came, but as it turned off quite cold, we, of course, could not go up north.

It was reported that deer were quite plenty in Houston county, forty miles east of here, so we started for there as soon as it moderated. We went twenty miles and stopped over night; the next morning we went about four miles further to where the roads went through valleys; we found snow too thin to get along on runners, and, meeting a man who said that down in Houston county there was no snow, we concluded to go on to a stopping place which was two miles further and there make inquiries.

Stopping at a little burgh, we inquired as to the best course to find a deer's track, as we thought if we could see a track we would be satisfied. We learned that there was a big buck in that vicinity and that he had been hunted by all of the hunters in that country for three seasons, and none of them could capture him. He was called "Old Ball Face." At first we thought that we did not care to try him, for we knew too well the shrewdness of an old buck that had been hunted; but quite a crowd soon gathered around us, and every old hunter had a story to tell about hunting "Old Ball Face," and what enormous horns he had, etc. Finally we concluded to stop and try him a whack; so, after finding a good stopping place, we started out. When it became known that we were going to try "Old Ball Face" some of the crowd laughed at us, and one old hunter said that he would bet a fifty-dollar bill that we could not kill him in a week's chase.

We had traveled some six or eight miles over the highest and worse bluffs I ever attempted, when we struck a track, evidently some two days old, but, nevertheless, it looked good to us, for we had not seen one for two years. We followed it a long way and came to some men chopping. They laughed at us and said that those were Old Ball Face's tracks; one of them said that he had chased him for three days and could not get a shot. We went on a little further and concluded to try and make a cut-off on his track; so we struck off to a belt of timber brush, some two miles, which looked favorable at the distance. After reaching it we had not gone in more than forty rods when we struck Old Ball Face's tracks, made the night before, which made us feel as though we might see his flag soon. Going about a mile we jumped him, but did not see him. We now began to feel good. The old fellow made a straight line for where we started from. O. followed the track. I did the flank-work in good order, for I began to get anxious and desperate. He gave us a good, long heat, and then layed down; but you bet he would not lay down only on the very peak of a bluff and where he could look back for us. He then went into the water for a distance and then took the road. Finally he took us right into the town where we had started from, just within forty rods of the mill. Then he struck up a big bluff and layed down; then he struck for water. When we got to where he took water we concluded to try a little generalship on him, so we determined to let him go for a couple of hours, or until night when he would give up our being after him.

We knew that he would travel in the water as long as he could, and then would go upon a bluff and lay down. We found that he could not go very far into the stream, so we waited until after sundown. O. on the track, and I on the left, we moved with caution and came to where he had layed down, and found that he had not been scared by us. Then, of course, we expected to see him every moment. I came out on to the edge of the bluff and saw the lad moving up the next bluff beyond on a walk. When I first saw him he was partly behind trees and brush. I waited until he moved out into an opening and let my old six-shooter go at him. I saw that I had hit him, but I let him have it again as he jumped. I emptied the cylinder, and O. gave him one shot after he had gone out of sight. We went to where he was when I shot, which was full forty-five rods, and there was blood. Going a little further on we found Old Ball Face laying almost dead. You can imagine how we felt. We more than hollowed and yelled. We felt that it was an achievement on our part to get him. It was about a mile to our quarters and was dark when we got him hung up.

When we got back to the town and showed the fellows blood on our hands they began to look surprised, and when we told them that "Old Ball Face" was no more they would not believe it, until he was brought in, which was done at once, for they were eager to see their old friend, as some called him.

Well, he was a sight; his horns are the finest ones I ever saw and very peculiar in shape; the meat was poor, he had been chased too much. The next day "Old Ball Face" was on exhibition, and almost everybody that heard of the killing of him came to see him. More than a hundred hunters who have looked at him say that they never saw such magnificent horns. The next morning we started out with a fellow that said he could show us another deer, but he did not, and the next day we started home well pleased with our trophy. We felt more pleased by killing "Old Ball Face" than we would to have killed half-a-dozen other deer.

BANTY.

The Protection of Game.

CHESTERTON, Porter Co., Ind., Jan. 24, 1878.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I see the law makers are at it again, calling on sportsmen to bestir themselves, etc., etc. A pretty time to "squeal" when the bird has flown. What do these fellows want? Laws to protect what? a few straggling prairie hens that dog breakers have left; a quail or two, that just "shut" off his scent in time to save his little body, from a score of "blue noses;" a poor solitary rabbit that has escaped that pot-hunting rascal with his ferrets (that's me) and those mythical wild turkeys and deer? We have more law than game now; enforce what we have and leave well alone. I notice that "Old Put" felt vexed during his hunt in Ohio last December, because he was not allowed to range over every farmer's land just where he liked. Why, my dear Sir, have not sportsmen been for years calling on farmers to help them to protect game? and now, when they (the Grangers) do so, because they find that insects are destroying their crops, they get abused for it! I hope now that "Old Put" has recovered his dog fare, he will not feel quite so bad against farmers who are carrying out the game laws to the letter. We shall, I hope, live to see on every farm, "No shooting here without permit." Then, and not till then will game and sport be plenty; for instead of sportsmen throwing away money, powder and glass, they will invest it in "renting privileges." 'Nuff sed. I enclose a capital article from the *National Farmer*, the following, touching my subject. So mote it be:

"There is trouble on our track if we do not at once take measures to protect and increase the bird family. The insects are after us; their numbers are legion; every plant, almost, has its enemy. Many of them have a host of enemies that are making war upon our success in cultivating them, and yet we invite the sportsman to come in and destroy our only ally in the ever-present conflict we are holding with the insect host. All these enemies are rapidly on the increase, and the destruction is fabulous in amount. Prof. Aughey is the authority for the statement that the amount of damage done in a year throughout the United States, by insects, is not less than $400,000,000. Illinois alone has suffered to the amount of $73,000,000 *in a single year*.' Seventy-three millions of dollars in one State destroyed by insects in one year! and *yet bird-killing goes on under the protection of the law.* Some rash individuals claim that birds do not destroy insects. If those persons will examine the stomach of a bird killed by these hunters, they will no longer assert that the bird has not a mission in insect-destroying, and, if permitted, is not faithfully at its post performing duty. If these insects are not destroyed in some manner, what may we not expect? Prof. Aughey is authority for the following also: 'Apple, pear and plum trees have about 100 species of insect enemies; fifty species of insects interfere with grape culture. There are at least thirty-five insect enemies of our gardens. Most species of insects have a marvelous fecundity; one pair of grain weavils will produce 6,000 young between April and August. According to Reaumer, one aphide, or plant louse, may become the progenitor, in a single season, of 6,000,000,000. The female wasp produces, in one season, 30,000. The white ant deposits eggs at the average rate of sixty to a minute. Our own silk worm, which feeds so largely on our wild plums, produces from 600 to 1,000 eggs per season.' Learn these facts; and yet the gunner is permitted to destroy our geatest hope. More birds are needed of the insectivorous class; and all that are sought by the hunter are of the family that is continually destroying the great enemy of our harvests. Dogs and traps should be prohibited by most stringent legislative enactments. The few days of respite from labor and the office, that are found in the field or forest with the dog or gun, may be missed; but what is that in comparison with the fabulous amounts destroyed by humoring the desire and removing the protection to the crops, and our bread and butter? *Let the experiment be tried for three years, of permitting no one at any time of year to kill any bird or fowl.* Such a law would work hardship to no one, and its saving to the West might be in amount more than our national debt. The law-makers of our several states now in session, should take prompt and united action in this matter, and enforce it at once."

LYNX.

Club Matches and the Habits of Quails.

GALATIN, Mo., Jan. 22, 1878.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Below you will find score of two match hunts on quails, of the Gallatin Gun Club:

J. A. Wickham	11	L. Lamkin	[illegible]
Ad. Ballinger	6	Jo. Phillips	[illegible]
R. E. Jones	5	Dr. Long	[illegible]
W. M. Bostaph	1	John McGee	[illegible]
W. E. Peery	0	Lewis Brosius	[illegible]
Total	23	Total	[illegible]

The conditions of the hunt were: All birds to be killed on the wing, each party to choose his own ground, and report the number killed in a sealed envelope to a referee who counted the birds next day. An oyster and game supper for the hunters, their wives and sweethearts was the forfeit of the defeated party. The day was unfavorable and the birds scarce and wild.

The second hunt was for an oyster supper, and resulted as follows:

J. A. Wickham	31	L. Lamkin	[illegible]
R. E. Jones	10	Dr. Long	[illegible]
W. M. Bostaph	8	J. W. McGee	[illegible]
Ad. Ballinger	4	J. M. Phillips	[illegible]
W. E. Peery	out	Lewis Brosius	[illegible]
Total	53	Total	[illegible]

J. A. Wickham is the champion shot. He performed the feat of killing twenty-four birds on the wing between four o'clock and dark, which is very difficult when it is known how birds hide in cover, and the trouble of getting them up at this season.

And now a few words on the habits of quails generally, and especially this season. Did you ever notice that in certain localities you can find a brood of these game little fellows from season to season, and that in hunting them they almost invariably take the same flight each successive time they are flushed? For instance, you get them up on a certain corn or stubble field, they will fly each time to the same swale or breach in a woodland pasture. I have never seen this peculiarity mentioned in print, but have observed it frequently in my hunts.

Complaint is made this season that birds are much scarcer than the breeding time promised. I do not believe they are less in numbers. They are scattered more than usual on account of the unusually mild Winter. There is no difficulty in this valley for them to find feed anywhere, and, as a consequence, they do not seek the corn and stubble as they do in hard weather.

Our game laws are fairly observed here. No netted or trapped birds are allowed to be sold in market, and, as a consequence, birds are not destroyed by wholesale.

In my last hunt, above mentioned, I took out for the second time my native setter pup Edith, just five months old. She hunted gaily from sun-up to sun-down, dropped to shot naturally, was staunch on the point, and required but little handling from our saddle-colored attendant. I feel very proud of her, and when she attains the right age expect to breed her to Pedigree, if he is still in Leavenworth.

The Christmas number of the CHICAGO FIELD, mailed to the members of the club, was loudly praised.

L. LAMKIN.

SHOOTING A TIGER FROM A RAILROAD ENGINE.—Winnebago City, Minn., Jan. 26, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Apropos of your correspondent, "Pills'" account of shooting a buck from a railway train, the following incident may be of interest to your readers:

On the occasion of some special holiday to the employes of the Madras railway, some time in the middle of 1869 or 70, two of them, an engine driver and stoker, made up their minds to spend it shooting, and with this object went from their quarters at Beypore up to the Paulghaut jungle, some eighty miles further inland. This jungle fringes the Southern spur of the Neilgherry hills; is composed in part of large forest trees, but mainly of very dense underbrush, and has so bad a reputution for fever that its recesses are seldom or never invaded by sportsmen. The word ghaut in Hindustanee signifies an incline, and the railroad runs upwards from the western coast at a very heavy grade so soon as it reaches this jungle, so trains can go at but little more than a foot's pace through parts of it. The engine driver of these trains had been a soldier in the 60th Rifles, and was known to be somewhat of a marksman.

They left the depot, and spent most of the day in searching after game, with however, but poor success, and at some time after noon they separated in hopes of better luck, having agreed to meet at a large tree near the depot, which served quite as a landmark in the surrounding lower jungle. Towards evening the driver reached the tree, and becoming alarmed, after some time, at the stoker's continued absence, he went to the depot for assistance, and the result of a search, was the finding of the half-eaten body of the stoker, quite close to the tree and the track. With the foot prints of a tiger plainly visible all round the remains of the corpse. The party removed and buried what was left of their friend, and the driver returned by the night's train to Beypore. Next day he was on duty, and whilst running his train slowly up the ghant eastwards, he saw, quite close to the scene of the previous terday's tragedy, a tiger slowly and quite coolly walking by the side of the line. He had his gun or rifle with him and killed the tiger with a single bullet; he was hoisted on board, and while skinning him, it was, strange instance of retributive justice, found that his stomach contained undigested buttons and cloth which clearly identified him as the destroyer of the stoker on the previous day.

Whether it was a case of *on revient toujours a ses premiers amours*, and that the tiger was tracing up the removed body by scent, and thought another slice of that, or another railroad man would be beneficial to him, or whether it was purely fortuitous that he should choose that walk that morning can, of course be guessed at, but the coincidence—which was told me by the chief engineer of that part of the line, on the occasion of my passing the scene of the occurrence very shortly after it happened—attracted considerable attention, and for which I will vouch—as remains.

UNIQUE.

TWELVE HUNDRED SHELLS AN HOUR.—Guthrie, Ill., Jan. 30, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Sporting news is very scarce in this vicinity, the shooting having closed. We now look and long for the song of the wild goose. Prairie chicken shooting was rather poor, about six to ten being an average to the gun. Last year we had very heavy snows and our birds were slaughtered in countless numbers, but this season it was not the case and the fields and prairies are literally covered with chickens, so we look for the good time coming. Quails are also tolerably plenty.

Mr. Geo. F. Cord, of this place, has invented a shell-loader such as has been long wanted by sportsmen. It works very nicely and loads twenty shells per minute, or at the rate of 1,200 shells per hour. The machine will be within the reach of all and will be upon exhibition at the St. Louis show. Mr. Cord, we understand, is making arrangements to have a supply manufactured for the Spring trade, an advertisement of which will appear in the CHICAGO FIELD shortly.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

THE ONE WHO GOT LOOSE PROVES TO BE A PIRATE.—East Saginaw, Mich., Jan. 15, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I was struck with the very just observations of "Edisto" in your issue of Jan. 5, regarding the lucrubations of "some one" in that wonderfully composite journal published in New York. After reading "Edisto's" criticism I took up the copy of the "Mighty Amalgamated," and perceived with surprise that it was publishing an article called "Blackbeard, the Pirate," over the signature of one Alex. Hunter, said article being almost a complete transcript of chapter IX of Moore's "Buccaneers." And now in the issue of Jan. 10 of that wonderful journal is another gross plagarism, entitled "Among the Pacific Isles," which formerly appeared in the *Literary Miscellany* and numerous other journals. We see also that Hallock has not forgotten his accustomed humor (?) with his "Hay, Shine!" very like "Prof. Perigood's" "Spasms." In the issue of Jan. 3 "Vacation Rambles" are promised a rest; but the editor seems unable to fill his columns without them, and starts fresh again in his last issue. But the *chef d' oeuvre* is the editorial rehash on hydrophobia, from numerous pens, especially that of Dr. Watson, whose article has received such severe criticism from scientific quarters, as would preclude, one would think, any reputable journal promulgating its falsities and errors. The amalgamation editor also remarks that rabies is unknown in the Arctic regions, or south of Savannah; that it is a disease of temperate climes alone, an hypothesis which he has before very properly denied in a former issue, viz.: July 12, 1877, where he says: "How unfounded this notion is may be perceived from the fact that in Constantinople, Egypt, Algeria, Cochin China, Greenland, etc., etc., hydrophobia *does* occur." I have seen cases of this disease in Jamaica; Darwin speaks of it in South America; it was epidemic in Constantinople in 1839, and in Athens in 1866. It broke out as an epizootic in Greenland in 1860, and again in in 1863, completely destroying all the dogs in certain districts. Pruner found rabies by no means uncommon in Egypt; and Von Ziemssen says hydrophobia is found moreover in the East Indies, Java, British Guiana, the West Indies, etc. Wallace corroborates the latter statement. If Hallock will read his own book he will find on page 517 and 518 similar statements.

To ascertain the *newest* and *latest* discoveries in the sciences one needs to read the "Great Consolidated," as for instance the Russian bath as a cure for hydrophobia (as per issue of Dec. 27), the fallacy of which was exploded as early as 1812 in the American Journal of Medical Sciences.

SAGINAW.

ANTELOPE HUNTING.—Denver, Col., Jan. 24, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Noticing in your issue of Nov. 24, 1877, the shooting of two eagles in different parts of the United States, I send you a rather novel attempt made by myself to capture one while antelope hunting some thirty miles from this city last November.

In coming into camp for dinner I had seen a herd of antelope two miles or so distant, quietly feeding; so, after dinner and a pipe, thought I would try and run down one or two of them on horseback, with the help of a pair of fine greyhounds I had with me. I had only gone about a mile from camp, when, on crossing a rise on the prairie, to my surprise I came upon a large eagle, quietly dining off a jack-rabbit, and as I had no firearms with me I tried to get the dogs to attack him, riding up to within thirty or forty feet of Mr. Eagle, but he put up his feathers and looked so war-like that they would not go within ten feet of him. I then thought I would try and ride him down, so I rode back in order to get a good start, and, giving my horse whip and spur I rode over the eagle at full speed, and, in passing, drew my foot from the stirrup and gave him the full benefit of a No. 9 boot; turning again, I tried to get another kick at him in the same way, but he was too quick for me. I could have caught him by the neck in passing, but did not like the idea of his claws.

Denver and most of the places I have visited in Colorado are well supplied with greyhounds, kept for hunting antelope; but it is a hard question to answer whether they can catch a strong, full-grown, and healthy antelope, as during the past season I have hunted with some of the best hounds in Denver, and, although I have seen a number of antelope caught, in no case was there an ounce of fat on them, and some of them had evidently been wounded, whereas, others that I shot with a rifle were in splendid condition and at least double the weight of those caught by the dogs.

Towards Spring, when feed is poor, they are thin and weak, and easily caught with greyhounds, a practice, I am sorry to say, much indulged in, and I fear that if the game laws are not more rigidly enforced, the antelope, like the buffalo, will gradually disappear, notwithstanding their wonderful speed and sight.

I have been told by antelope hunters who have hunted for years in Colorado, that where there is one now there used to be fifty.

I agree with your correspondent from Pueblo, that antelope do shed their horns.

F. W. O.

WEST MERIDEN NOTES.—West Meriden, Conn., Jan. 24, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The sportsmen of this city have subscribed a large amount for the purchase of 1,000 quails, to be let loose in the woods, as quails this season have been things of the past. Now, woe to the man that shoots out of season, for verily the shadow, and his pocket-book, will grow less for every bird he shoots. He will have to play to the tune of twenty-five dollars for each bird, which is a very just sum, all things considered.

It will not be safe for any one to have a gun in his hand out of season, for it is the intention of the sportsmen to keep a sharp lookout.

The largest bag made this season, that I have heard of, was by Capt. Wilson and Mr. A. Strong, numbering eleven woodcocks, nine ruffed grouse, one quail, twenty-one altogether. Messrs. Seth Bingham and C. M. Williams have also brought in some fine strings of birds.

Old Pete looks as glorious as ever he did in his life. He would make it hot for some of them at the St. Louis show.

The general decline in Connecticut of the rifle and shot gun is very noticeable in the last two or three years, excepting the rifle in Hartford county and Middletown. However, there seems to be considerable interest taken in dogs in Stamford, Bridgeport, New Haven and Hartford, as well as in this city. Your paper here is the *only acknowledged authority, and is looked up to for reference.* Keep it as good as in the past, and it will never want for support.

Why can't we have a sporting club here like the old one of which Arnold Burges was formerly a member? There are two or three hundred earnest sportsmen here; what more is wanted?

I will send you the name of every fellow that is caught shooting out of season.

CAPT. NEMO.

DEATH OF MR. THOMPSON—THE DANGERS OF A MUZZLE LOADER.—Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 21, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—In my last communication I made mention of our club as in the best condition; the members proud of her past record, looking forward to a season of unusual attractions, and with the undisputed right to occupy a position second to no club in the West. In the enjoyment of all this a telegram was received on Thursday, Jan. 17, that Wm. L. Thompson, late an honored and respected member of the club, had accidentally, while hunting quails, shot himself, which news proved too true. While in the act of loading his gun—a muzzle loader—one barrel was discharged, the charge entering the left side of the head. Occurring at 2 o'clock P. M., he lingered unconscious until 8 A. M. the next day. The body was brought to the city, and buried on Sunday, 20th, and the club attending in a body, giving evidence that we know our duty to one another, living or dead.

Mr. Thompson was a young man of good qualities, respected by his comrades and friends, beloved by his parents and brothers, who keenly feel his sudden taking off. It is a sad reminder of the careless handling of the gun. While our friend was an excellent shot, familiar with and accustomed to handling a gun, he no doubt lost his life by such carelessness; how it happened, though, we may never know, as he was entirely alone, until found by a friend, as above stated.

L.

SNIPE OR SNIPES.—Chatham, Ontario, Jan. 25, 1878.—*Editor Chciago Field:*—With a high appreciation of the soundness of you judgments on sporting matters generally, I am diametrically apposed to you on the *snipe* or *snipes* question. Surely it cannot be denied that snipe or woodcock are respectively used in the singular, as names of multitude, in the same way that we say *fish*, or *fishes*. Do the Fishery Commissioners talk about codfishes, or do we catch white fishes? According to the new orthoepy, the brilliant historian of the Indian mutiny should not have described a famous body of cavalry, as Hodgson's *horse*, but as that redoubtable dragoon's *horses*, although he did not own them.

I would as soon think of throwing my cartridge belt into the coal grate, as of going into the field with a fellow who had a gun in his hand, and said *snipes*. I would inwardly pray for the repose of the soul of that man who ran after snipes with him.

I never heard the term fifty *couple of snipes*, and first saw it written in your issue of the 12th inst. A lubber certainly did once tell me that he had killed *three snipes*. I said, "Were they sitting?" "Yes," he replied; "I got a lot of 'em in a line and knocked over three." So the *snipes* faction is not without supporters.

Pray, Mr. Editor, reconsider your decision.

By the way, will "Ubique" kindly explain his Latin quotation? We all remember the famous line in Juvenal, of which "Ubique's" rendering is perhaps purposely a travesty.

ROBERT O'HARA.

MONTGOMERY NOTES.—Montgomery, Ala., Jan. 24, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—This is the business season here, and our shooting clubs have kept very quiet, except to have their annual hunts and suppers. I could not get the score of the Snowdon Club. The Montgomery Club had theirs, and some of the members were so anxious to make big scores they went as far as New Orleans to shoot ducks in the bayou, near the gulf, but they were so scarce that some of them came back without a count. The result of the hunt was a tie, even 200 counts a side; however, the supper came off, at which some seventy-five members and guests were well supplied by mine host of the Madison House, his first effort, but pronounced by all a grand success. Game generally has been very scarce with us, but little coming in market, and hunters returning with small scores.

I have had but one float upon the river as yet. Three of us left here in our boat, and the first day, on a thirty-five miles trip, we killed only ten ducks; the second day, going twenty-three miles, we killed eight ducks; the third day, 12 miles and two ducks; arriving at Benton, we took the Western R. R. and returned home. I have never seen or known the ducks so scarce, the only cause for which we can assign is the scarcity of feed along the river and in the swamps.

Our snipe season will soon commence.

T. S. D.

A MODEL NOTICE.—Logansport, Ind., Jan. 25, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—A friend while out shooting the other day came across the following notice tacked to a tree on a farm:

"NOTIS

to men who cum on my plais with guns, hurraying voices & braying dogs, ashootin and akillin my gaim. I will no longer stand it, fur, I hev only three coveys of quales & not to exceed 10 squerrels on my plais which I want for myself, and to those men who bring there dogs and hurraying voices here akilling my birds will be fined according as law for i want all the woodpeckers as they are by nature a ravishing animal for worms & such like, and my jaybirds hurt no won, & if let alone will help me muchly in the spring to keep away grewb worms & the like. i want all my wudchuks for my eting as i never disturbe them, akeeping them to get fat, when they air worth to me as mutch as my chickens air. i say this as to inform sum fools from Logansport who seem to like to kill my wudchuks & says for the fun. i mean business as shure as i now sine my name."

It will no doubt be enjoyed by your readers.

L.

CHARLESTON NOTES.—Charleston, Ill., Jan. 25th, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The Drake boys were out for a day's shooting, and bagged ten rabbits. Returning home, Joseph was carrying the game and Henry the two guns; when trying to put the guns over the fence, the hammer struck a rail of the fence and the gun went off, tearing all of the flesh out of his left hand.

Game is getting very scarce here on account of the unmerciful pot-hunters. Ruffed grouse and woodcocks very scarce; prairie chickens and quails tolerable plenty; rabbits (hares) by the million. No snipes or geese are to be seen yet, but there are a few ducks.

There are only two classes of sportsmen in this county, the unmerciful and the common pot-hunter. It is disgraceful to see how the old birds are slaughtered here and the young left to starve. I would have prosecuted them, but I had no backing. Who will come to the rescue?

J. B. D.

LITTLE ROCK NOTES.—A correspondent writes from Little Rock: "Our club has dissolved. It was formed for the express purpose of getting a game law; but our two last legislatures were composed mostly of grangers, and they would not listen to any sense or argument. The bill never saw the light. Becoming disgusted at our want of success, and not wishing to keep up an expensive organization, we thought it best to dissolve, hoping for a time when experience would have taught farmer's some sense on this subject. Some of them already begin to see their mistake. We are wholly unprotected, and prairie chicken's eggs are gathered and sold every year on the prairies. Your paper is a source of much pleasure and profit to us."

Miscellaneous.

Art.

MR. KEMEYS' ANIMAL GROUPS.

These works are exhibited at No. 29 Argyle street, W. America has long been twitted on her lack of a national and original school of art, but these little groups of statuary go far towards removing the stigma. Mr. Kemeys is an American; from his boyhood he has lived among the wild animals of the Great West, observing their habits and studying their structure with the eyes of a naturalist and an artist combined. Having thus gained complete and intimate knowledge of his material, he has employed his sculptor's instinct for form and grouping to create a series of animal portraits unequaled, so far as we know, for truth of detail and picturesque breadth of treatment. In fact, such work as Mr. Kemeys' is very rare in any branch of art, and it is not too much to say that in the particular line which he has chosen he need fear no rival. Imagination and memory, faculties indispensable to a sculptor, are in him highly developed; his manual dexterity and technical skill are exceptional, while his evident sympathy with his wild and shy "sitters" give him an otherwise unattainable insight into their nature and ways.

Had not Mr. Kemeys already achieved distinction, not only among his brother artists, but also in public estimation, we might have been inclined to predict that those very qualities which constitute his peculiar excellence would have stood in the way of his success. His extraordinary anatomical fidelity, for example, would seem thrown away on the ordinary observer, who, provided certain hackneyed rules of composition and smart technicalities be observed, will seldom find fault with dislocated joints and impossible poses. In reviewing the mass of the animal sculpture and painting of the day, we find the ruling faults to be, first, insufficient acquaintance with the structure of the skeleton and the arrangements of the muscles and hide; and secondly, misrepresentation (either deliberate or the result of ignorance) of animal nature. Animal nature is not human nature, and yet some of our first artists—Sir Edwin Landseer among the rest—have made the capital mistake of attempting to give their portraits of animals a human expression and significance. The result, though occasionally not devoid of a grotesque and extravagant kind of humor, is invariably as fatal to the modesty of nature as it is subversive of the dignity of art. This fact, however, has by no means interfered with the popularity of such productions. A certain namby-pamby sentiment connected with the modern heresy that animals have souls, combined with a vulgar readiness to be amused at whatever æsthetic sacrifice, has, on the contrary, stimulated their manufacture. Every one is familiar with the little terra-cotta groups of cats, foxes, monkeys and such small deer, sitting on their haunches and aping the actions and expressions of men and women. These groups, visible in many shop-windows, and suggested probably by Kaulbach's illustrations of Goethe's "Reinecke Fuchs," though they are a distinct artistic immorality, and abhorrent to any wholesome and vigorous feeling for æsthetic propriety, have nevertheless obtained a vogue as surprising as it is discreditable; and we repeat that we find, in the fact of Mr. Kemeys' recognition in the face of such odds, a much-needed subject for self-gratulation, for Mr. Kemeys descends to no untruthful or histrionic expedient to steal success. His animals are animals, and nothing but animals; their poses are as characteristic and as true to animal nature as are their forms. Abundance of humor is disclosed in the treatment, but it is always legitimate humor—the humor, that is to say, of animals, not of man. There is nothing stagey in the grouping; there is no straining after effect at the expense of truth. We see in his work a representation of wild beasts as God created them; their completeness in themselves is recognized, and there is no attempt to eke out their supposed deficiencies of expression or significance by endowing them with human traits. The result is something like a revelation to those who have allowed their tase to become vitiated by the impure and fictitious ideals hitherto so widely followed. The first impression is one of surprise, perhaps of something not unlike disappointment, for severe veracity will often appear insipid to the palate injured by quack condiments. But presently the beauty and worth of genuine art assert themselves, and we are made conscious of a novel and original sensation of pleasure, a pleasure which waxes, instead of wanes, in proportion to our familiarity with it. The more careful and intelligent our examination, the higher becomes our satisfaction. A new vista of life is revealed to us; looking through the artist-naturalist's eyes, we discern a beauty and meaning in animals unsuspected before. This fascination, once felt, can never grow tame; having once become accustomed to the new, wild flavor, we never afterwards revert to the old sensational diet. Most other animal sculptors, designing their groups and figures from an outside point of view, get only outsides in their results; but Mr. Kemeys enters into his subjects and contrives to apprehend not only their internal structure, but apparently their thoughts and feelings likewise; he *becomes* them, in short,—apparels himself in their faculties, and regards the situation through their organs of sensation, and through them alone. With such a method, and with the technique requisite to its objective realization, the excellence of his production is easily accounted for.

In any reference to animal sculptors, one famous name inevitably suggests itself,—that of Barye, the eminent French artist, whose genius has hitherto remained unrivaled. This is not the place in which to draw a comparison between his work and that of Mr. Kemeys, although they exhibit many striking points of similitude. It would probably satisfy the ambition of most rising artists to be thought worthy of mention in the same sentence with the great master; nevertheless, we think it only due to Mr. Kemeys to say that he may fairly lay claim to a better compliment than this. In anatomical knowledge he appears to us little, if at all, behind his predecessor, and if he be the latter's inferior in audacity and splendor of conception, he partly compensates for this by a subtle perception of delicate shades of character, and a fine discrimination of animal individualities, in which Barye's works are comparatively deficient. Mr. Kemeys' animals, in other words, are not merely types, they are also individuals; his wolf and his panther have not only what belongs to the best specimens of their kind, but likewise certain indescribable personal peculiarities of countenance and bearing, which force us to look upon them as recognizable portraits. Those who have made the representation of animals, whether with pencil or chisel, a subject of study, will understand what an artistic triumph Mr. Kemeys has herein achieved.

We have left ourselves no space for a description of such of Mr. Kemeys' works as are still on exhibition here; several of them, unfortunately for the public, have been already purchased, notably the groups of the "Panther and Deer," which have become the property of Mr. Winans, for £500. Of those that remain we would call attention to "Playing 'Possum,"—a wild-cat or American lynx worrying an opossum, which has clewed itself up in a ball; "Fast as Fate," a death-struggle between a boa constrictor and a panther; and as an example of masterly composition especially, to the "Coyote and Raven" quarreling over the carcase of a buffalo. But in fact, there is nothing here which will not repay attentive study. Mr. Kemeys is a constant worker, and is at present, we understand, engaged upon an illustration of the song, "Did You ever Catch a Weasel Asleep?" which bids fair to render classic that unassuming piece of doggerel.

J., *in London Spectator.*

NOTICE.—The CHICAGO FIELD is $4 a year, $2 for six months, and $1 for three months—strictly in advance.

Trap Shooting.

TIFFIN, Ohio, Jan. 26, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—We had a glass ball shoot, of which the following is the

SCORE

Five glass balls; Bogardus balls and rules.

Vedder	11111—5	Ent	01111—4
Nimon	10101—3	Buskirk	11111—5
Bloom	00101—2	Sneath	00111—3
Nettel	11111—5	Harmon	00110—2
Damon	01011—2		

Ties.

Vedder	011—2	Buskirk	110—2
Nettel	111—3		

Nettel took first money; Ent second.

Second match.

Ent	11110—4	Damon	00000—0
Vedder	11111—5	Nimon	11010—3
Sneath	11111—5	Harmon	11100—3
Nettel	10111—4	Bloom	11111—5

Ties.

Vedder	111—3	Sneath	111—3
Bloom	10 —1		

Second ties.

Vedder	100—1	Sneath	101—2

Ties on 4.

Ent	101—2	Nettel	101—2

Nimon and Sneath divided first money; Ent and Nettel divided second money.

Third match.

Ent	11111—5	Vedder	11110—4
Nimon	01110—3	Bloom	01101—3
Harmon	00000—0	Bagby	11111—5
Buskirk	10101—3	Nettel	10011—3
Damon	01100—2		

Ent and Bagby divided first money; Vedder second money.

Fourth match.

Vedder	11101—4	Nimon	11011—4
Harmon	00001—1	Buskirk	11111—5
Bagby	10111—4	Nettel	11110—4
Damon	10010—2	Ent	01011—3
Bloom	11101—4		

Buskirk won 1st money.

Ties.

Vedder	110—2	Nimon	001—1
Bagby	111—3	Nettel	10 —1
Bloom	10 —1		

F. A. A.

Bagby won 2d money.

SYCAMORE, ILL., Jan. 21, 1878.—Shoot for gold medal, belonging to Club which is shot for once each week. 10 balls, Bogardus rules, on Jan 18.

John Syme	11001 00100—4	J. H. Rogers	10000 10001—3
J. B. Whalen	11110 10101—7	L. Gray	01111 11100—7
J. L. Pratt	11011 11100—7	W. Waterman	00011 10000—3

Three Fox guns tie on 7.

Ties on 7.

Whalen	111—3	Gray	101—2
Pratt	110—2		

Whalen wins medal.

J. L. Pratt then shot at 50 balls from two traps, and made the following extraordinary score. it being his first attempt; he succeeded in breaking 47 out of 50 in 4 minutes and 9 seconds.

11111 01111 11101 11110 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111—47

Same day, match at 5 double rises.

Waterman	00 00 10 10 11—3	Whalen	11 11 01 01 10—7
Gray	11 00 11 11 11—8	Rogers	01 00 10 00 00—2

PRIMER.

LYNN, MASS.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The Lynn Sportsmen's Club held a glass ball shoot to-day. Before the club shoot. Rowell and Mayo shot for the medal held by Mayo, which was won by Rowell by the following score:

Mayo	10111 01010 11111 10101 00110—16
Rowell	11101 11101 11111 11111 11101—22
Lander	11110 11111 10101 11111 11111—22
Hill	10111 01011 01101 11111 10001—17
McFarland	11111 01111 w
Thompson	01001 10101 w

Sweepstakes, 5 balls each.

McFarland	11101—4	Mayo	11001—3
Hill	10000—1	Landers	10111—4
Rowell	11101—4	Thompson	00011—2

WOODCOCK.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Jan. 19, 1878.—Regular match for club medal; 21 yds, 10 single rises. Cold drizzling rain falling the whole time; birds, good flyers. Following is the

SCORE.

Work	11111 11110— 9
McGee	11110 11101— 8
Hall	*10*0 01111— 5
Fredericks	11110 11111— 9
Miles	01111 01111— 8
Underwood	11011 01100— 6
Stark	11111 11111—10

Dr. Stark wins the medal.

Scorer, Liverage; referee, McElvaney; judges, Jarrett and Mock.

Dr. Stark, the newly-elected Vice-President of the club, bears the honors becomingly, and if we mistake not will stubbornly contest the possession at the next match.

THE KENNICOTT CLUB.—The Kennicott Club had their shoot for their handicap medal at Dexter Park on Jan. 24, which was at tame birds, plunge traps. Mr. John E. Long, of Detroit, was present and acted as referee. Mr. D. Bates won the medal for the second time. To win it at the next shoot gives him possession of it. Below is the distance at which each shot, and the

SCORE.

D. Bates (24 yards)	11111 11101—9
T. J. Higgins (24 yards)	11011 01111—8
J. J. Kleinman (27 yards)	100w.
Ab. Price (27 yards)	100w.
J. T. Phillips (25 yards)	11101 10111—8
E. O. Dow (25 yards)	10001 01111—6
G. C. Sherman (24 yards)	10111 11011—8
E. Thomas, Jr. (26 yards)	01111 10w.

DR CARVER CAN DO WHAT HE SAYS.—Salem, Mass., Jan. 24, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—A few words for Dr. Carver. I am well acquainted with this gentleman, and I think he means business, and that he can do what he says. I have shot with him in a number of sweepstakes, and I think, like many others who have seen him shoot, that he is the quickest shot I ever saw. He is a fine built, muscular man, about thirty years of age, and weighs about 190 pounds. I was a witness to the matches shot between Capt. Bogardus and Dr. Carver in California, last Summer, and I think the Captain had rather pull trigger with any other man in the country. I would advise Mr. Martin to lay low, until Capt. Bogardus gets through with him, for he may get a *tight shell*, as the Doctor is lightning on "doubles." WOODCOCK.

CAPT. STUBBS ACCEPTS MR. HAUWORTH'S CHALLENGE.—Leavenworth, Kan., Jan. 26, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I notice a challenge in your issue of this date, signed W. B. Hauworth. I except his challenge only from ground traps, and hereby request Mr. Hauworth to put up a forfeit of one half the amount, $50, in the hands of the Editor of the CHICAGO FIELD, at least thirty days prior to June 11, 1878, and I will cover it. I hereby challenge Mr. Hauworth to shoot me a match in Leavenworth, Kan., the 15th of May next, 500 glass balls each, against time, $250 a side, or at his place. Will give or take expenses.

CAPT. E. E. STUBBS.
Champion Wing Shot of the West.

MR. MARTIN TO CAPTAIN STUBBS.—Baltimore, Md., Jan. 26, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Please state to Capt. E. E. Stubbs that if he will state when and where he won the championship of the West, and the terms and conditions under which it is to be contended for, I will be happy to arrange a match with him for it to be shot in thirty days from date, either in Chicago, Peoria, Council Bluffs, or Omaha. I will be home Feb. 1, and will be pleased to hear from him at 79 Clark street.

E. T. MARTIN.

SHOOTING AT EATONTOWN, N. J., Jan. 24, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—A well contested pigeon shooting match took place to-day at this place between Messrs. Henry White, of Red Bank, and Hart Height, of Farmingdale, for $100 a side, at forty birds each, ground traps. At the conclusion, the score stood: Height, 36; White, 35, the former winning by only one bird. MONMOUTH.

Rifle.

Rifle on the Pacific Coast—Dr. Carver's Shooting.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 23, 1878.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I see by the last issue of your paper to hand that some of the Eastern sportsmen flout the idea of Dr. Carver's excellence as a gun and rifle shot; but practical demonstration will open their eyes if they dare to fulfill their brags. I send you a score made by him on the 13th inst., at Shell Mound Park. The day was by no means pleasant, so a large attendance was not to be expected; still, some 250 people were present. The glass balls were thrown up from the hand; a Ballard parlor rifle was the weapon. The match was to break 225 out of 300 thrown up. He won by 13 balls. The scores in detail are:

	Missed.	Broke.
01101 01011 10011 01010	9	11
01010 10110 01110 11101	8	12
11011 11111 11110 11111	2	18
01011 10100 11111 01101	7	13
11111 01110 11110 10011	5	15—69
11111 11011 11010 11111	3	17
11011 01111 11111 10111	3	17
11111 10011 11111 11111	2	18
00111 01111 10111 11111	4	16
11101 10110 10010 10110	8	12—80
11111 10111 01111 11111	2	18
11111 11111 11111 11101	1	19
01111 11111 11111 11101	2	18
11111 11011 11111 11110	2	18
10111 01110 11110 11111	4	19—89

A total of 238 broken.

On the same day, at San Bruno, three of the cracks of the Nationals shot a match against three of the Unions, winning by one point—a close thing.

NATIONALS.

Maher	4 4 5 3 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 4—86	
	3 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 3 5 4—83	169
Klose	4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 5 5—88	
	3 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 3—82	165
Le Breton	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 5 3 4 4 4 5 3 4 4—80	
	4 5 3 4 5 4 4 3 4 5 4 5 5 3 5 4 3 4 4 4—82	164
Total		498

UNIONS.

Warren	4 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 3 5 5 4 5 5—90	
	4 4 4 4 3 3 5 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4—83	173
Ladd	5 4 3 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4—83	
	4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5—85	168
Hook	4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 5 3 3 4 4 5 4 4 4 3 4 4—78	
	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 5 4 5 3—78	156
Total		497

The conditions were 40 shots at 200 yards.

The Sumners also did some pretty good practice at Bay View; ten shots at 200 and 500 yards. The following are the best scores: Lieut. J. Robinson, 43, 49; H. J. Burns, 40, 45; E. O. Hunt, 38, 46; W. F. Leman 43, 41. FRISCO.

Contest for the Chicago Field Badge.

The following is the score for the third contest of Thomas Post, G. A. R. for the CHICAGO FIELD badge. There were thirty-two entries, but we are able to give the score of but nineteen, thirteen not having shot up to last Friday night.

SCORE.

1—Myron W. Lyman	5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5—48
2—Julius C. Borcherdt	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 4—43
3—Daniel B. Freeman	4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 4—43
4—Jas. A. Shaffer	4 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 5—43
5—S. M. Tyrrell	4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 5—43
6—Col. E. D. Swain	4 5 5 4 4 3 4 5 4 5—43
7—B. J. Gleason	4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—42
8—Lu. H. Drury	3 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 4—42
9—Gen. J. S. Reynolds	5 4 5 4 4 4 5 5 3—42
10—Henry D. Field	4 4 5 5 4 3 4 4 4 4—41
11—Wm. H. Chenoweth	4 3 5 3 4 5 4 5 4 4—41
12—Thos. Randall	4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 5 4—40
13—C. L. Wehe	4 4 4 4 3 5 4 5 4 3—40
14—Joseph K. Evans	5 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 3—38
15—Milo H. Wagar	5 4 4 3 4 2 4 4 4 4—38
16—E. Kellogg	3 5 4 3 4 3 4 4 4 3—37
17—Thos. H. Reeves	0 3 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4—37
18—Phil. Gunlock	4 3 4 4 2 4 4 3 4 4—36
19—M. Kiley	3 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 3 2—34

Shaffer and Tyrrell rank alike in count back, and must shoot off for fourth place in this competition.

This is to certify that the above scores have been counted in my presence and found correct.

EDGAR D. SWAIN, Pres. G. H. Thomas Rifle Club.

MYRON W. LYMAN, J. C. BORCHERDT, PHIL GUNLOCK, } Prize Committee.

RIFLE SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—Dever, Col., Jan. 21, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I send you the score of perhaps the most remarkable effort at marksmanship on record, being no tremendous effort or useless show, but an exhibition of control over the rifle which can hardly be surpassed.

This day Mr. C. Gove shot fifty shots, 200 yards, off-hand, in which he was to score not less than two hundred and twenty-three, nor more than two hundred and twenty-five, out of a possible two hundred and fifty, scoring at the National target.

The following was the score:

5 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 4
4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 4 4—Total, 224.

The shooting was done with a Sharp's Creedmoor rifle. MIRABILE.

RIFLE AT SAN RAFAEL, CAL.—On January 13th the San Rafael Rifle Club practiced at 200 yards, with the following result:

E. Dubois	4 4 4 3 4 5 5 5 3 5—42
R. C. Moore	4 3 5 4 4 4 4 5 5 4—42
F. G. Berry	4 3 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 3—40
G. W. Parker	3 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 5 4—38
F. J. Jacobs	3 3 4 5 3 4 4 4 4 4—38
R. A. Rotche	4 4 5 4 4 3 3 0 4 4—35
James Tunstead	4 3 2 4 3 4 3 4 4 2—33
T. W. Parker	4 0 3 2 0 2 3 4 4 4—26

GEORGIA.—The Savannah Rifle Association, of which Gen. R. H. Anderson (formerly of the U. S. Army), is the efficient president, indulged in a delightful target practice on New Year's day, to which a social reunion was added. The prizes were a lot of turkies marked "Good ordinary, Low ordinary." The shooting was at 200 yards, Creedmoor target. Capt. McAlpin's team scored 582 and Capt. Hayward's team 567. An informal shoot for a dinner resulted in turning the tables—Hayward's team scoring 164 and McAlpin's 161, each member having only three shots, ten having been allowed in the formal contest. The highest individual scores were 41, by J. W. Schley and by J. R. Sanssy. The Forest City Light Infantry, the Chatham Hussars, the Union Lincoln Guards, the Cadets, and the Delmonico Guards, all colored companies of Savannah, had a regimental parade on New Year's day, under command of Capt. W. H. Woodhouse, of the Light Infantry, senior captain. They made a creditable appearance, and marched well. This looks like practical reconstruction and equal rights under the militia laws.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

WOUNDING OF CAPTAIN RIDDLE.—Erie, Pa., Jan. 22, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—On the morning of the 19th inst., John S. Riddle, Captain of the McLane Guards, and Walter H. Smith, employed at the Erie & Pittsburgh wharf, were shooting at a target with a new Creedmoor rifle, which was recently purchased by the Captain. After Riddle had made several shots Smith took up the gun, Riddle standing to one side of the E. & P. trestle-work that was between them and the mark at which they were firing. It is supposed that when Smith fired the ball struck an iron rod on the trestle-work and glanced off, striking Riddle in the left leg above the knee, shattering the thigh-bone and causing him to fall and his leg to double up under him. Riddle was immediately taken to his residence, on Chestnut, near Sixth street. He suffered much pain, and in the afternoon he was placed under the influence of ether, and on examination an amputation was found necessary. Drs. Strickland, Selliman, and Stranahan performed the operation. It was found that the bone had been splintered badly. The Captain at this writing is doing splendidly. J. E. G.

RIFLE AT SALT LAKE.—Salt Lake City, Jan. 21, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The Pioneer Rifle Club, this afternoon, shot for the badge of honor with the following results. Mears holds it on his original score of 46. Ten shots at 200 yards off hand: G. A. Mears, 45; F. C. Sharkey, 41; O. Vandercook, 41; R. W. Dye, 40; T. Stone, 38.

Some practice was then had at the 500 yards range. Messrs. Vandercook and Stone each making a clean score of bullseyes in the ten shots, besides the following scores: Stone, 47; Vandercook, 17; Dye, 46 and Sharkey, 46; Mears, 48 and 46. BULLS EYE.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

A. G., Rock Island, Ill.—Please send your name to this office.

BADGER, Racine, Wis.—In the pedigree of Pride of the Border, last issue, it should have read by Dash II, out of Belle II.

AUGUSTINE, Pittsburgh, Pa.—To settle a dispute, will you please give me the pedigree of Hutchinson's Bob? I claim that he was by Dash out of Quail, and my friend says he was by Dycer's Dan. Also please give sire and dam of Dycer's Dan. Ans.—Bob was by Dash out of Quail. Dycer's Dan was by York I. out of Stella.

O. C., New Haven.—I have a dog that will bring a glove or a ball when thrown for him, but will not touch a bird. I shot over him last season and lost many wounded birds because he would not retrieve them. Is there any way to make him bring, he being now three years old? Ans.—Your dog has never been properly broken. You can send him to a good breaker and have him taught to retrieve; or you can get a Von Culin spike collar and teach him yourself by following the directions.

F. J. P., Bentonville.—I have a bitch that is losing her hair in patches all over her body. She seems to itch greatly, though the skin is not raw anywhere. Is this mange, and what will cure it? Ans.—Very possibly it is mange. Try weak carbolic acid and sulphur, thin enough to rub into the skin Apply with a brush, going over about one-third of the dog's body at one application. Give also three drops of Fowler's solution arsenic three times a day for two or three weeks, unless you find that the dog refuses food and shows a red appearance of the eyes.

HORSE.

J. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.—It seems I did not give all the information necessary to get the right answers; I will give it now to the best of my ability. The horse is nine years old; his cough is irregular; does not cough when in the stable, but only when heated from fast driving, then coughs up phlegm and gets ease after it. The running from the nose is sometimes mattery, but when driven fast for a while it gets thick and whitish, but not very much of it. There is no bulging of the bones of the face, but is thick and enlarged in the glands of the throat, and is always the same. You can hear the effect on the wind when driven at a three-minute gait for half a mile when sitting in the buggy, but in cold weather you can detect difficult breathing on entering the stable. It seems to be in his nostrils, and he has a muffled, sniffing neigh that cannot be heard more than ten yards. When driven fast one mile, the difficult breathing all subsides after a minute or two when stopped, if the weather is fine, but the cold weather is hard on him. He is in good order and feeds well.—Ans.—There is a chronic irritation of a catarrhal nature in the nasal chambers and larynx; when driven fast in cold weather the increased amount of cold air inspired irritates the already sensative parts and causes an increased discharge and coughing. We would recommend you to avoid fast driving when it is cold, and give the following powders, one night and morning in the feed, or, if he refuses them, in half a pint of water. Take of gum camphor half a drachm, powdered dijitalis twenty grains, nitrate of potash half a drachm, mix and give as one dose, repeat night and morning for ten days, then wait a fortnight and repeat. In the Spring apply a severe blister to each side of the throat, and give him a couple of months at grass.

TRAP SHOOTING.

PIN TAIL, California Junction, Iowa.—A member of a sporting club, located at M. Valley, whose residence is in a neighboring town, say six miles distant, can he, when he is holder of the champion badge, require the challengers to come to his town to shoot for the champion badge? Ans.—No. The badge must be shot for where the club is located, unless by mutual agreement another place is selected.

Fish and Fishing.

GOOD FOR NEW YORK STATE.—The following letter was published in the Syracuse *Standard*, and we only wish we could find other States nearer home emulating such a good example:

"I desire to state through your columns that the New York State Fish Commissioners are now ready to receive orders from parties desiring to stock any of the public waters in New York State suitable for brook trout or salmon trout, they will be delivered to any part of the State by the parties paying the traveling expenses of a messenger to deliver them, and by giving the names and localities of the streams they wish to stock. All orders must be sent before Feb. 20th. Address,

SETH GREEN, Rochester, N. Y."

IRON PIPES.—New York, Jan. 25, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—In your issue of Dec. 1st, "H. S., Kalamazoo, Mich.," asks if iron pipes will do for trout, to which you answer, "yes, if the supply is pure." I wish to confirm this by referring to my hatching salmon and trout in New York city with water from the city mains where it comes through miles of iron pipe and keeping and feeding 75,000 young for two months after absorption of the sac. Still, iron rust is fatal, but the fact is that there is little rust in this water unless it is shut off at the head and turned on again suddenly. FRED MATHER.

NEW JERSEY CONVENTION.—A convention is called to be held in Trenton, N. J., on Tuesday next, the 5th inst., for the purpose of framing a general protectory fish bill for the various bays of the New Jersey coast. The State Fish Commissioners have signified their intention to be present. Each county should be present, as the subject is of great importance. J. Warner Kinsey, of Barnegat, chairman of the Ocean County Convention, and Isaac C. Jennings, of Manahawkin, secretary, sign the call.

SALMON PROTECTION.—Fearing the almost total destruction of their salmon fisheries in the Frazer, as have been those of their American neighbors in the Columbia, the New Westminster people are moving for protection. They want a $20,000 hatching establishment on the river, which money they will ask from the Dominion, proposing to pay back the money in three annual installments of about $7,000 each. They propose a tax for the raising of this money, as follows: "For every boat engaged in fishing, $20 per annum of license, also a rate of eight cents on every case of canned salmon put up, and twenty-five cents on every barrel of salted salmon."—*Olympia* (Washington Ter.) *Transcript.*

MONSTER SKATE.—A gentleman who has been passing the last Autumn in a yacht in Scotland, sends the following: Amongst other fishes which came to our baits, my daughters caught upon their long line a skate weighing 152 lbs. Inside the skate was a codfish weighing 14 lbs., and inside the codfish a plaice weighing about one pound. As there was a hook inside the plaice, no doubt the flat fish took the bait first, and was afterwards swallowed by the cod, who in his turn was swallowed by the biggest skate I ever saw. I have caught a skate at Aberdovey in former days upwards of 80 lbs. in weight; but I never had the luck to catch such a giant as the Moidart fish.—*Land and Water.*

LOUISVILLE (KY.) NOTES.—Henry Tracy left with 17,500 young California salmon from the State hatching house, to be distributed in the streams of the eastern part of the State. The river is full of salmon, and a great many have been caught during the past week. How is this for the science of fish culture?

SALMON RUNNING.—From Healdsburg, Sonoma Co., Cal., we hear that the rivers are filling up with salmon.

WANTS AND EXCHANGES

ADVERTISEMENTS under this head (excepting Kennel advertisements, which must go under their proper department) inserted for Three Cents for each word. The money must be sent with the advertisement.

WILD RICE.—Wanted several bushels of wild rice Address, stating price, B. J., care CHICAGO FIELD. 8-17-tf

FOR SALE.—The CHICAGO FIELD every Friday morning by W. PHILLIPS, Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer, 101 Madison St., Chicago.

WANTED.—A high-bred stallion to farm on shares, in one of the richest agricultural districts in America. Address BREEDER, care of CHICAGO FIELD. 8-22-tf

WANTED.—A sportsmen with a small capital is partner in an established paying business. Address BREAKER, Box 52, Delaware City, Del. 8-22-tf

WANTED.—By the Editor CHICAGO FIELD a well bred grey hound bitch. Address, Editor CHICAGO FIELD, Chicago, Ill. 8-20-2t.

TO EXCHANGE.—I wish to exchange some of my dogs for a 12-gauge gun, either muzzle or breech loader. DAVID G. HARTT, Northfort, L. I. 8-19-tf

FOR SALE.—Three fine English guns, one with two pairs of barrels, all good shooters. For price and full particulars apply to H. BAYLISS, 45 Western St., Providence, R. I. 8-16-tf.

BREECH-LOADERS.—Edwinson C. Green's steel barrels, bar rebounding locks, $50. Send for descriptive list of invoices just received. RUSSELL & HAYDENS, Sole Agents, Jacksonville, Ill. 7-19-tf

FISHING TACKLE.—Send to Abbey & Imbrie, 48 Maiden Lane, New York, for price list of Fish Hooks, Rods, Reels, Lines, and every description of Fishing Tackle. Fine goods for sportsmen a specialty. 7-13-tf

A BARGAIN.—I wish to exchange pups or dogs for a good breech-loading shot-gun. Give full particulars as to gun, and state what kind of pups or dogs you prefer. Address W. T. IRWIN, Topeka, Kansas. 8-25-3t

THE PIGEON STARTER.—The Pigeon Starter and Mechanical Cat, for Trap Shooting, is sure to drive unwilling birds to wing when the trap is pulled. Price, $5, C. O. D. Address, DR. H. A. ROSENTHAL, 5 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. 6-23-tf

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES.—Every one should subscribe to "OUR PICTURE GALLERY," the best and only illustrated monthly for little children. Fifty cents (.50) a year, mailed free. A. H. Hornsby, General Agt. Room 8, 170 E. Madison St., Chicago, Ills. 8-25-tf

YOU WANT THE SPORTSMEN'S RECORD.—I am having many applications for this admirable little Memorandum book. Send in your names. It is just the thing every sportsman wants, for at any time he can look back and give the particulars of a day's bag. Price, 50 cents. Address, A. H. HORNSBY, this office. 6-15-tf

FOR SALE.—A challenge Tolley, Purdy double bolt, lever in front of trigger guard; weight, 9 lbs 8 oz.; 10-gauge; ½ pistol grip; 3-inch drop, 14½ length of stock; 32-in barrels; but little used; in leather case, with implements complete and 25 brass shells. Cash price $200, currency. Address W. A. COSTER, Flatbush, L. I., or Horace Smith, 33 Park Row, New York. 8-25-tf

A BARGAIN.—Several volumes of "Land and Water," "Spirit of the Times," "Canadian Sporting Times," "Illustrated Sporting News," etc., for sale cheap, or will exchange with good 12 gauge, fine twist muzzle loader, for a Parker or Remington breech-loading shot-gun. Would exchange the sporting journals for other sporting works. Address F. E. POND, Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis. 8-6-tf

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.—Those who have any business in Chicago, requiring personal attention can save expense and time. Terms for any business requiring but one day, $2.00; $1.00 for each day of continuance. Goods bought, sold, exchanged or shipped. Integrity and dispatch guaranteed. Reference, Editor CHICAGO FIELD. Address A. H. HORNSBY, Room 8, 170 E. Madison St., Chicago, Ills. 8-25-tf

FOR SALE.—A very fine Scott & Sons' breech-loading shot-gun, fine Damascus barrels, 32 inches; 10-guage, top-snap, double bolt, compensating lump; very fine pistol grip stock, rebounding locks. A remarkably close and hard-hitting gun for field or trap; sold for no fault, but too fine for the rough usage required. This gun was imported by Read & Sons, at a cost of $225, and will be sold with a solid sole-leather case, fifty brass shells, closer and loading utensils, for $150. No letters answered asking for less. Address Drawer 181, East Saginaw, Mich. 8-25-3t

KENNEL.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted under this head for 25 cts a line for the first insertion, and 15 cts for each subsequent insertion. If displayed, $3.50 per inch for first, and $2.50 for each subsequent insertion.

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MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

GENUINE

NONE ARE UNLESS SO

STAMPED.

From the Reputation these MEAT FIBRINE CAKES have now gained, they require scarcely any explanation to recommend them to the use of every one who keeps a dog; suffice it to say they are FREE from salt, and contain "dates," the exclusive use of which, in combination with meat and meal to compose a biscuit is secured to us by Letters Patent. For sale, in cases of 112 lbs. each.

F. O. DE LUZE, Sole Agent,
18 South William Street, NEW YORK
BROWN & HILDER, St. Louis, Western Agents.
7-1-1y

GOLDSMITH KENNEL.

Imported Irish and Gordon setters.

Champion Plunket, Irish, red, by Grouse out of Beauty. Plunket is the winner of four bench show prizes and six field trials; the only Irish field trial stud dog in America, and as "Stonehenge" says, he is the best Irish setter ever produced.

Rapp, Gordon, black and tan, by Major Cowan's Sancho out of a bitch owned by Mr. Baker, of Elmore kennel. For particulars address W. J. FARRAR, Toledo, Ohio. 6-23-tf

BREEDING KENNEL
—OF—
A. C. WADDELL, Edina, Mo.

The finest strains of Imported and Native Setters and Pointers. Thoroughly broken dogs. Also puppies of different ages. Broken dogs a specialty. In the stud, Irish setter Shamrock and Phil, Jr., black pointer. 7-6-tf

DISEASES OF DOGS.

The undersigned, a graduate of the Montreal Veterinary College, pays particular attention to the Diseases of Dogs. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. Medicine sent by mail or express.

A. H. BAKER, Veterinary Surgeon,
5-10-tf 125 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO.

FOR SALE.—Liver and white Irish and English cross-bred bitch pup, 5½ months old; very promising, strong, large, healthy and intelligent; first-class stock. Owner has no time to shoot, or to break her. Price $37.50. Address A. H. HORNSBY, CHICAGO, FIELD office. 8-25-3t

KENNEL.

Mr. J. S. Skidmore,

Nantwich, England, begs to invite the attention of American breeders to his kennel of high-class Irish setters and Irish water spaniels, which he offers for sale without reserve, and at much below their actual value. This is an opportunity seldom to be met with and this advertisement will not be repeated. The quality of the dogs the advertiser has already sent to America and which have invariably been successful, is a guarantee of the quality of those offered for sale, and he can confidently refer intending purchasers to any one who has imported dogs from him. The present lot includes Grouse (late Fletcher's) recently given as the illustration of the breed, in "The Country;" he is two years old and has won first Dublin, first Wolverhampton (champion class), first Edinburgh, second Manchester, second Bristol, second Islington Hall, London, and many other prizes; £35.

Grouse II, out of a sister of Dr. Stone's celebrated Dash; a grand dog in every point, and winner of a first and a second prize at Newtownards, twice second at Dublin, first Nantwich, first Brighton, second Birmingham, &c; age, 3 yrs; £20.

Trumps III, by Burrow out of champion Maybe; a grand dog all round, and nearly full brother to Loo II; he has won third Dublin, first Darlington, first Bishop Auckland, third Newtownards; £20.

Cobden, 14 months; the grandest puppy in bone, color, feather, and in every point the advertiser has seen. He is by Daly's Star out of Knight's Queen, a descendant of Hutchinson's Bob. Cob. was V. H. C. at Bristol, Palmerston & Fletcher's Grouse winning first and second; £25.

Shot, the grandest-headed dog living and good all round; only shown once and in a class of setters of all breeds, taking third, Macoona's English dog winning, who won first Birmingham; 15 months old; he is by Bass', Carlow out of Rose who is the dam of Stoddard's Duck; £25.

Bob, a grand 9 months pup by champion Dick out of Cora (sister to Stoddard's Duck); this pup has immense bone, is very promising and over distemper; £15.

Poll, by Daly's Star, very strong-boned and heavily-feathered, squarely-built, and is winner of second at Birmingham, only time shown; £25.

Banshee, 2 yrs, old, a grand bitch in every respect; head not to be equalled; ears hung beautifully low; she is not only a bitch to work or win, but is the best brood bitch living; £25.

Cherry II, a beautiful bitch with a lovely head; winner when only 9 months old of second Lisburn and Manchester; £20.

The champion Irish water spaniels Patsey and Barney, both first prize winners at Birmingham, the former also many others; £35 each.

Also Brownie, Skye terrier, winner of a first and two second prizes at Birmingham, as well as fifteen other prizes.

Offers invited for the lot, and when more than one is purchased, a deduction of ten per cent. will be allowed. Address J. S. SKIDMORE, Nantwich, England. 8-25-1t

ROB ROY KENNEL.

IMPORTED ENGLISH, IRISH and POINTER CHAMPIONS.

Winners of More Prizes than any Dogs in America.

CHAMPION ROB ROY, Field Trial, black, white, and tan, by Laverack's Fred out of Statter's Rhœbe (founder of the Field-Trial strain); bred by Thos. Statter, and noted for both field and stud qualities. Winner of the Champion Stakes, Shrewsbury, 1872, and of four other field trials—the only dog in America that has won an English championship at trials.

DRUID.—Field Trial; black, white and tan; by Llewellin's Prince (full brother to Countess and Nelly), out of Dora. Druid has won at four English field trials, beating Rob Roy and Macdona's Ranger; also upon the bench. No English dog in America except Rob Roy has an equal record.

CHAMPION RUFUS, Irish, deep red, no white, by Trench's Shot out of Trench's Linda, combining the celebrated Trench, Daly & Hendrick's pure strains. One of the best bred and handsomest dogs in the country, and winner of more show prizes than any other Irish dog, having gained three abroad and six in the U. S., including the Irish championship at New York (beating Elcho) and Stock Dog Cup.

Rufus is the sire of the following noted prize winners, all of one litter: Rufus II, Centennial Irish Champion; Rory O'More, 1st New York (beating the get of Elcho and Plunket); Fire Fly, 1st Centennial and 2d New York; Kelpie, 2d Centennial, and Fanchon 1st Kansas City.

CHAMPION VISCOUNT, Pointer, lemon and white, weight, 65 pounds; said by "London Field" to be "the best son of Sultan and Pride;" descending on both sides from Whitehouse's Champion Hamlet, and combining also the blood of Lort's Dessy and Smith's Major. Viscount won 1st at Birmingham and thirteen other firsts, besides four special cups for best sporting dog at show.

FEE—Rob Roy, $35; Druid, $35; Viscount, $35; Rufus (this season only), $25. Apply to

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50 Cents A Copy.

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A complete manual for teaching pointer and setter for the field, 60 p. 7x5.

To which are added the standards for judging the pointer, setter and cocker spaniel, with various hints concerning the cocker, and other miscellaneous matter. The whole prefaced by "Sand Snipe."

Correspondence and orders attended to by WM. HUNT JR., P. O. Box 1,189, New Orleans, Louisiana. 8-21-tf.

WEST MILTON KENNEL.

LELAPS in the stud; bred by R. H. Purcel Llewellin in England, sire Leicester, dam Doll sister to Dart and Adams' Drake; color, white ticked black and tan; 23½ inches high; extra quality, very handsome. Fee, $25.

Setters for Sale—Fan, black and tan; pure Gordon; imported stock, out of Maud by Marble's Grouse; 2 yrs. old; taught first lessons; bred to Lelaps Jan. 5, 1878. Price, $75.

1 Dog, 2 yrs., W. ches, 23½ in. high, very handsome; sire, Tinker's dog, Providence, R. I.; Copeland's Old Pete, g. s.; dam imported Eng; taught first lessons, and game shot over. Price, $75.

Bell, 2 yrs., color orange; half imported red Irish, half English; taught first and second lessons (see circular). Extra in field; fast, staunch and handsome; 23½ in. never bred. Price, $125. Will breed her to Lelaps same price.

Dogs trained and boarded. For terms and particulars send for circular. FRANKLIN SUMNER, Milton, Blue Hill, Mass. 8-23-4t

RAKE—FANNY.—For sale, five puppies of the pure Field Trial blood. Breeding warranted, and guaranteed to make fine field performers with proper care. Sire and dam the above celebrated brace. Address D. C. BERGUNDTHAL, Indianapolis, Ind. 8-23-6t

KENNEL.

ST. LOUIS

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FEBRUARY 19, 20, 21 and 22, 1878.

$3,000 Cash Regular Prizes.

$2,500 Handsome Special Prizes.

The richest Prize List ever offered at a dog show.
Half Rates by all the Railroads.
Passes for dogs over all Railroads.
Certificates issued by the Association entitling the holder to special R. R. and Express rates.

ENTRIES CLOSE FEBRUARY 5th, 1878.

All entries must be accompanied by the FEE. Send for Premium List and Entry Blanks, to the Secretary. 10,000 catalogues of dogs on exhibition, will be distributed during the show. 4,000 Premium Lists will be mailed

CHAS. LINCOLN, Superintendent,
JOHN W. MUNSON, Secy.,
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"CARACTACUS" can confidently recommend the following high-class sporting dogs, which are now on sale, Being perfectly bona fide animals the description as annexed will be guaranteed. No finer dogs can be obtained. The prices are in all cases fixed at the lowest that will be accepted.

1. Clansman, black and tan Gordon setter dog of the "Broughty-ferry" tribe on the sire's side, and out of a bitch by the famous Young Lorne, the finest Gordon sire of the day. Clansman is 14 months old, highly broken, steady, a fine ranger, and of such excellent character and beauty of symmetry as to stand the highest bench competition. Price, 25 guineas.

2. Claymore, own brother to Clansman, but never been in breaker's hands; equally handsome. 12 guineas.

3. A brace magnificent young pure Laveracks, ready for the breaker and fit to win in high class company. Price the brace, 24 guineas.

4. Shefford, a good looking young setter of the Red Irish breed from Sir Rich'd. Garth's fashionable strain, sole reason of sale owner relinquishing setters fit to win in second rate company. Price £12:12.

5. Irish Water Spanial bitch, aged 8 months, of pure strain, and prize winner, having taken the silver medal at Rochdale when only 5 months old. Quite up to the standard of excellence. Price £20.

6. Dog of same breed, aged 2½ years; a prize taker, £10:10.

7. Retriever bitch, liver color and curly coated, 3 years old, well bred, stands 26 inches at shoulder, exceedingly good on all kinds of game, especially water fowl; perfectly steady and never leaves heel till told. A bargain, £12:12.

8. Several pure and fashionably bred fox-terriers and spaniels from £7 apiece.

Address Mr. Sandell ("Caractacus") Surrey House, Bromfelde Park, Clapham, England. 8-20-tf.

Lock Dog Collar.

Made of extra quality leather trimmings, heavily nickle plated; buckle lock, with key; cannot be removed without cutting plate; stamped with name of dog and owner; sent by mail, post paid, price $2.

THOMSON & SON,
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"HINTS ON DOG BREAKING,"

BY

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Instructions complete, simple and clear for the training of puppies, half grown and old dogs. List of prize winners at Memphis, Tenn., and New York dog shows. List of dogs entered for trial at Memphis, with points won, points for judging at bench shows, and other matters of interest to the sportsmen of America—a pamphlet of 36 pages; price post paid, 25c. Address W. H HOLABIRD, Va paraiso, Ind. 7-21-tf

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Dogs Boarded, Broken and Fitted for Shows.

FOR SALE.—Dogs, broken and unbroken. Being in constant communication with breeders and fanciers in all parts of the country, I can furnish on application Dogs of all kinds; also **Ferrets, Fancy Fowls, Pigeons,** and all kinds of **Pet Stock.** Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address,

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IN THE STUD!

The Imported Irish setter,

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The Imported Irish setter

STING II $25.00

Apply to C. B. WHITFORD, 706 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo. 8-22-tf

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A rare chance. The black and white setter bitch puppy Bonibel, whelped July 3, 1877, by Champion Rob Roy out of Belle; Belle by Pride of the Border, out of Capt. Foster's Kirby.

Also red Irish setter dog Delaware, by Plunket out of Stella (Stella is sister to Friend), whelped May 1, 1876. Delaware is well house broken, and has been shot over this Fall. Address H. W. GAUSE, Wilmington, Delaware. 8-22-tf

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Setter DOGS and BITCHES, from 7 mos. to 3 yrs. old, broken and unbroken, black and tan, and black, white and tan Gordons, red with white, and lemon and white out of Mab, Di, Flirt, Tip, Jessie and Gypsie, sired by Gautier's Dan, Copeland's (formerly Jerome's) Shot, Colburn's Dash, Saltus' Dash, Stoddard's Duke and Munn's Duke.

For pedigrees in full and price, apply to

5-15-tf JAMES R. TILLEY, Locust Valley, L. I

To Sportsmen.

The undersigned would like to correspond with parties wishing dogs trained or boarded. Will locate in Iowa; best of references, ten years' experience in California. Address LOUD & HATCH, 158 Washington St., Salem, Mass. 8-24-tf

OSCEOLA, IOWA.

Living in the best game section of the West, I have concluded to open a school for breaking dogs. I will take two brace and perfect them for field trials. Best of reference given. J. O. WATTS, Osceola, Ia. 7-10-3m

Beaver Valley Kennel.

For the sale of broken pointers and setters; young stock for sale from broken parents only. Address J. J. SNELLENBURG, New Brighton, Pa. 8-2-tf

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FOR SALE.

Address WM. W. ACKERMAN, Edina, Mo. 8-24-tf

KENNEL.

Topeka Kennel.

Situated in the finest game country in the West, I have every facility for training setters and pointers for field use. A limited number of dogs taken at reasonable prices to board and train. Pups not chained, but away from mischief.

FOR SALE.—Only chance in America to buy a pup from the champion Gordon dog Rupert.

I will sell 3 brace of black and tan pups out of my Carrie (formerly Sherwood's), 1st prize winner at St. Louis, 1876. Dam of Carrie II, winner in Hampton field trials, and dam of two bench show winners; their sire, Rupert; he winning 1st at Birmingham, Eng, over all competitors, also beating all the noted Gordon dogs of the East at the N. Y. show, and at St. Louis getting 1st and likewise best stock dog. He is a large, bold, high-headed dog, the best in the U. S. to breed to Carrie. Carrie stood on one point 30 minutes a few days before whelping. Address W. T. IRWIN, Topeka, Kansas. 8-24-1yr

Dilley's Lake City Kennel.

I am breeding to Champion Ranger the following bitches: Dolly, the dam of Royal Fan, and Royal Fan, winner of the first prize for the best pointer bitch over 50 pounds, also the Champion Prize, the Greener gun, for the best pointer in the New York Bench Show. Queen, winner of two prizes at Chicago, one for the best bitch and progeny; Minnesota, highly commended at New York. Ranger is sire of more prize winners than any other pointer in America. Four whelps out of one litter have taken first prizes—some at Baltimore, others at New York and Syracuse. He sired Dash, the best pointer in the Chicago show, and Royal Fan, the champion at New York. Price of whelps, when weaned, from $25 to $50. The above pointers are well broken and cannot be beaten for field work.

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A RARE CHANCE.

An English gentleman wishes to dispose of two fine setters, brought over by him last year, and only sold now as he has no farther use for them. One of them is brother to Rufus, Crystal Palace prize winner, 1872. See K. C. S. B., 1634, 1st volume; the other is a thoroughbred Devonshire setter, and both of them are beautifully broken and work well together. Address C. M., Dauphin, Dauphin Co., Penn. 8-23-tf

The Sound View Kennel.

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A RARE CHANCE.—I will sell my dark red, blue blood red Irish setter dog Bird, 14 mos, old, by Grouse—Frisk; very staunch, good retriever, and will stop at word or hand. Also orange and white setter dog Swan, one year old, by Snow—Jim. Snow is out of Bismark bitch, by old Bismark, and Jim is out of Jude, mother of Bismark. I offer these dogs for sale as I have more than I can care for. Address J. D. BROWN, Missouri Valley, Iowa. 8-23-tf

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Fur Quotations.

Corrected weekly by Eddy, Harvey & Carter, Fur Dealers and Manufacturers. 239 and 241 Madison St., Chicago.

	No.1. From to		No.2.	No.3.	No.4
MINK.—Michigan and Minn.	.50@	.75	.40	.20	.10
N. Wis. and Lake Sup.	.50@	.75	.40	.20	.10
Indiana and S. Mich	.40@	.65	.30	.20	.10
S. Wis. and Ohio	.40@	.60	.30	.20	.10
Ill., Iowa and Neb	.40@	.60	.30	.20	.10
Territories	.40@	.60	.30	.20	.10
Missouri and Southern	.40@	.50	.35	.20	.10
MUSKRAT.—Fall	.05@	...	....	....	....
Winter	.08@	.10	....	....	....
Spring	....	....	....	....	....
Kits	.02@	.03	....	....	....
RACCOON.—Mich., Ohio, Ind.	.50@	.70	.40	.25	.10
All other States	.40@	.30	.20	.10	.05
FOX.—Red	.70@	1.00	.50	.25	.15
Grey	.60@	.90	.50	.25	.15
Kit	.25@	.35	.20	....	...
Silver	10.00@	50.00	....	....	...
Cross	2.00@	4.00	....	....	...
OTTER. L. Sup. & L. Mich.	4.00@	5.00	3.00	1.50	.50
Other States	3.00@	4 00	2.00	1.00	.40
BEAVER.—Lake Sup., per lb	1.25@	1.50	1.00	....	....
Western, per lb.	1.00@	1.25	.65	....	....
WOLF.—Mountain	2.00@	3.00	1.25	....	....
Prairie	.50@	.75	.50	....	....
SKUNK.—Mich.& Ohio, Black	.50@	.60	....	....	....
Other States, Black	.40@	.50	....	....	....
Narrow Stripe	.10@	.20	....	....	....
Wide Stripe	.05@	.10	....	....	....
FISHER.—Minn., L. Sup., Wis	5.00@	8.00	....	....	....
Western	2.50@	4.00	....	....	....
MARTEN.—Common	50@	.75	....	....	....
Fine, Very Dark, ex	2.00@	5.00	....	....	....
LYNX.—Cased	1.00@	2.00	....	....	....
Open	1.00@	1.50	....	....	....
BEAR.—Black	5.00@	8.00	....	....	....
Black Cubs	2.00@	4 00	....	....	....
Grizzly	3.50@	7.00	....	....	....
Brown	2.00@	5.00	....	....	....
WOLVERIN.—Large and Dark	2.00@	5.00	....	....	....
WILD CATS.—Com to Good	.20@	.50	....	....	....
BADGER.—Common to Good	.20@	.80	....	....	....
OPOSSUM.—Common to Good	.05@	.15	....	....	....
DEER SKIN.—Dry, per lb	.10@	.15	....	....	....
ANTELOPE.—Dry, per lb	.15@	.20	...	....	....
Indian Tan'd, per lb.	.60@	.80	....	....	....

SPRING MEETING

OF THE

St. Louis Jockey Club

FIVE DAYS,

Commencing June 4, 1878.

FIRST DAY.—Ladies' Stake, for two-year-old fillies; ¾ mile; $50 entrance, half forfeit; $500 added, of which second horse to get $100, third horse to save his stake.

SAME DAY.—The January Stake, for three-year-olds; mile heats; $50 entrance, half forfeit; $800 added, of which second horse to get $200, third horse to save his stake.

SECOND DAY.—The Greeley Stake, for all ages; 3-mile dash; $50 entrance, half forfeit; $500 added, of which second horse to get $100, third horse to save his stake.

SAME DAY.—The Planter's House Stake, for two-year-old colts; ¾ mile; $50 entrance, half forfeit; $500 added, of which second horse to get $100, third horse to save his stake.

THIRD DAY.—Garneau Cup, value $500 in plate or money; for all ages; mile heats, $50 entrance, half forfeit; second horse to have $100 out of the stake, third horse to save his stake; five to enter, three to start.

SAME DAY.—Merchants' Stake, for three-year-olds; mile heats; $50 entrance, half forfeit; $800 added, of which second horse to get $200 out of stake, third horse to save his stake. Winner of the January Stake to carry 5 lbs. extra.

FOURTH DAY.—The Lindell Hotel Post Stake, for all ages; 2-mile heats; $100 entrance, play or pay; $1,000 added, of which second horse to get $200, third horse to save his stake.

FIFTH DAY.—The Lucas and Hunt Stake, for two-year-old colts and fillies; 1-mile dash; $50 entrance, half forfeit; $500 added, of which second horse to get $100 third horse to save his stake.

SAME DAY.—The Blow Stake, for all ages; 3-mile heats; $50 entrance, play or pay; $1,000 added; the second horse to have $200 out of stake, third horse to save his stake.

The winners of the Ladies' Stake, for two-year-old fillies, and Planters' House Stake, for two-year-old colts, to carry 5 lbs. extra in the Lucas and Hunt Stake, or colts and fillies two years old.

The Blow Stake, 3-mile heats.

The rules of the Louisville Jockey Club, of Kentucky, to govern, except two-year-olds to carry 100 lbs.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lbs.

The above stakes to close February 1, 1878.

All entries to be addressed to

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8-11-tf

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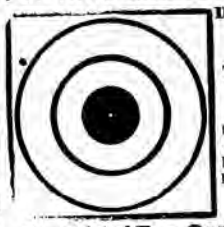

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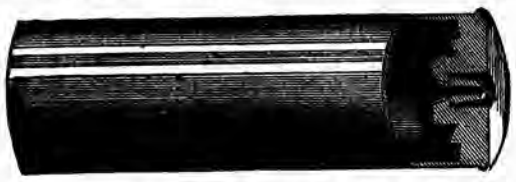

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.44	Cartridge (Army)	12.00	1.00	3.00
.44	Old Line (Army)	7 50	1.00	3.00
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.38	Lightning, D. A	18.00	.65	2.75
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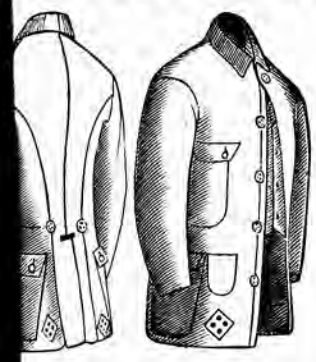

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